THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for May, 1935

Articles

IN TIME OF PEACE
I. THE CASE FOR GERMANY ..... *Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels* 198
II. THE FRENCH POSITION ..... *General Debeney* 201
III. CAN MUSSOLINI FIGHT? ..... *Paul Kéri* 204
IV. THE SOVIETS AND THEIR ARMY ..... *Nikolaus Basseches* 207
V. POSTSCRIPT ..... *Georges de la Fouchardière* 209
A CONTINENT OF LOOT
I. AFRICA, INCORPORATED ..... *Adolf Grabowski* 211
II. UNKNOWN ABYSSINIA ..... *Iwan Kirchner* 215
III. REVOLT IN NORTH AFRICA ..... *Friedrich Sieburg* 218
NEAR EASTERN CONTRASTS
I. KEMAL AND HIS TURKEY ..... *Robert de Beauplan* 222
II. TWO WORLDS IN SYRIA ..... *E. Rietthoff* 228
TALES FROM TWO CITIES
I. BERLIN, 1935 ..... *Alexandre Arnoux* 245
II. MOSCOW, 1935 ..... *Lev Kassil* 250
THE REVOLUTION IN LITERATURE ..... *C. Day Lewis* 255

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 189
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
GENERAL MINAMI OF MANCHUKUO ..... *Hans Tröbst* 232
MR. ANTHONY EDEN ..... *A London Correspondent* 234
USHAKOV, THE SOVIET COLUMBUS ..... *Sergei Tretiakov* 237
POLAND'S HENRY WALLACE ..... *Rudolf Herrnstadt* 242
BOOKS ABROAD 260
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 270
THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY ..... *Harold Ward* 274
AS OTHERS SEE US 278

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

IN VIEW of the present disturbed state of the world, we have not hesitated to devote almost our entire issue to problems of the hour. Leading off with Germany, we turn to Propaganda Minister Goebbels for an authoritative statement of the Third Reich's violation of the military clauses in the Versailles Treaty. His article, issued by the *Deutsche Nachrichten Büro* was reproduced in every German newspaper by special request.

A FRENCH general then offers his country's reasons for taking the step that led to the introduction of conscription in Germany. He gives facts and figures showing that the low birth rate between 1914 and 1919 created the 'lean years' of 1935 to 1940 when the number of young men reaching military age is being cut about 35 per cent. In view of Germany's rearmament and withdrawal from the League the French claim they have no choice but to double the term of compulsory military service.

THE name of Paul Kéri is already familiar to our readers as an expert on Italian and Hungarian affairs. To the question 'Can Mussolini Fight?' he replies in the negative but prophesies that the time is coming when Italy will not be so dependent on foreign supplies of raw materials as she is to-day and that then Mussolini will force Hitler to strike a favorable bargain with him.

NIKOLAUS BASSECHES of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* is the dean of foreign correspondents in Moscow. He gives the most up-to-date figures on the Soviet army and leaves the impression that any nation that attacks Russia to-day will have a first-class war on its hands, as the country is far better equipped to fight than it ever was under the Tsars.

GEORGES DE LA FOUCHARDIÈRE, one of the most popular French humorists, has served as columnist on liberal papers all his life and might be described as a kind of French equivalent to Heywood Broun. His bitter little postscript on the armament race gives point to the ironic title we have chosen for this opening group of articles.

AFRICA may seem remote from Europe to-day, but it is one of the principal causes of the present threat of war. For the basic aim of England, France, Germany, and Italy is either to hold or to secure whatever unexploited territory still remains in the world, and Adolf Grabowski's account of the possibilities that Africa holds is enough to make any imperialist water at the mouth. And how perfectly his name is suited to the programme he outlines.

THE task of grabbing Africa is not free from difficulties, however. A German visitor to Abyssinia describes the feudal customs of that country, and the Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* tells about the difficulties that the French have encountered in their three North African colonies. Since this article was written, the French press has been playing up the subject and frankly recognizes that French policy toward Germany may be undermined by colonial disturbances.

ROBERT DE BEAUPLAN writes a brief history of what Kamal Ataturk—to give Mustafa Kemal his new name—has accomplished in Turkey. He emerges as a figure comparable in some respects to Lenin and in others to Stalin, for he not only supervised a great revolution but consolidated it after he had seized power. Nor is his attitude toward religion the only point he has in common with the

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

EUROPE MUST think back to July, 1914, to find a period comparable to that between March 15, when France doubled its term of military service, and April 11, when the Stresa Conference assembled. Last fall the Marseille murders were compared to the shooting at Sarajevo, but in spite of—or, indeed, because of—these alarmist prophecies nothing much happened. To-day, however, the atmosphere has completely changed. The journeys of Simon, Eden, Laval, and Titulescu; Mussolini's characteristic demands for drastic action; Hitler's intransigeance; and the fatalistic calm of Litvinov do not encourage open expressions of the panic that is in every heart. And, above all, the calculated irresolution of Great Britain—precisely duplicating the calculated irresolution of 1914—indicates that this most powerful of all nations fears the worst.

The elaborate uncertainty of British policy in 1914, both before and immediately after the invasion of Belgium, encouraged Germany to believe that it could stand off Russia in the east and conquer Paris. Had Britain made its intentions clear, Germany might have followed some other and more successful course. But the permanent officials in the British Foreign Office and the British Intelligence Service and the great bankers, industrialists, and shipping magnates regarded Germany as the supreme threat to the Empire and acted accordingly.

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What do these same rulers of Great Britain fear to-day? To answer this question is not only to discover the underlying aim of British foreign policy but to gain fresh insight into the European crisis. Certainly England fears Nazi Germany. It fears the immediate prospect of air raids, the more distant prospect of Nazi domination of Europe, and the ultimate prospect of social revolution. No people on earth are more opposed to war than the British. A recent house-to-house poll of two million individuals in every class all over the country showed that 92.9 per cent favored all-around reduction of armaments by international agreement, 86 per cent favored all-around abolition of national, military, and naval aircraft by international agreement, and 97 per cent favored having England remain a member of the League of Nations. Therefore, in addition to fears abroad, the British Government has reason to fear the pacifism of its own people. Nor has it forgotten the mutiny on the Grand Fleet when pay was reduced before the pound went off the gold standard in September, 1931.

Fear of a German air attack and fear of becoming involved in war account in large measure for Sir John Simon's timidity in the face of Hitler. But this is not the whole story. Even if England avoids war, the prospect of Nazi domination of Europe remains. The famous Rosenberg Plan of the Nazis calls for German expansion to the east and south and for the conquest of the Soviet Ukraine. In view of the intense unrest in Central Europe and in view of the lamentable efforts of France to give the Little Entente the appearance of a Great Power, England would be likely to consider the Rosenberg Plan as a lesser evil than the present state of affairs, especially if the Baltic remained an English lake and Germany did not insist on having back her African colonies. Finally, an attack on the Soviet Union would gratify most Conservatives, especially those of great wealth.

The real danger, however, is not that Germany is too strong but too weak. For, if the Rosenberg Plan did not go through according to schedule, social revolution would immediately threaten Germany, Eastern Europe, and, indeed, any nation that ran the risk of war. At the moment, therefore, the initiative does not lie in Berlin but in Tokyo, for, only if Japan is willing in the near future to launch an attack on the Soviet Union's eastern frontier, would Germany dare to attack on the other flank. The *New Statesman and Nation* sums up the position as follows:—

> The chance for a German attack on Russia will arrive if and when the Japanese engage the Red army in Siberia. By this roundabout route we arrive, then, at the conclusion legible in the British estimates. The alarm, the unrest, the rearmament may be general, but the immediate danger, the spring that may set the whole infernal mechanism in motion must be located in Japan. What a rearmed Germany

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might do, if the world fails to organize itself for peace, ten years or even five years hence is beyond the range of our vision. Our case is rather that a conflagration on any great scale is conceivable within the next two or three years only if Japan gives the signal.

Hence the warnings of General Smuts and other spokesmen of British foreign policy to watch the Orient.

R. PALME DUTT, Communist editor of the *Labour Monthly*, goes the whole hog and flatly declares that the basic aim of British foreign policy is to organize with Germany an attack on the Soviet Union. Three difficulties, however, stand in the way: the Franco-Russian Eastern Security Pact, a possible German air attack to the west, and Japan's aggressive designs on Asia. Mr. Dutt does not prophesy that Britain will be able to surmount all these obstacles, and in particular he shares General Smuts's misgivings about Japan. But he quotes the attacks on the Eastern Security Pact that have appeared in the *Times* and the *Daily Herald*, he finds the *Observer* and the *Daily Mail* taking the anti-Soviet alliance of Germany, Poland, and Japan for granted, and he quotes this passage from *Aëroplane*, official organ of the British air services:—

For years we have preached that the next really big job of the Royal Air Force will be to go to Germany to help in staving off a Russian invasion, and consequently we hold that any kind of western European pact should be an alliance of all the white nations, including Mediterraneans, against the yellow or red people east of Warsaw.

He also calls special attention to the rôle of the popular press:—

For the direct rôle of British imperialism in the preparation and incitement of this war on the Soviet Union, it is only necessary to turn aside from the veiled language and polite hypocrisies of the diplomatic press to the crude and open declarations of the service journals and of the jingo 'popular' press, which, as in the preparation of the war on Germany, are a far more exact guide to the real aims of British imperialist policy than the diplomatic experts. While Asquith, Grey, and Haldane denied in public the war commitments they were secretly preparing and spoke in public of 'naval holidays' and 'reconciliation with Germany,' it was the *Daily Mail*, Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Roberts that openly spoke of the future anti-German war. So to-day with the Soviet Union as the future 'enemy.'

According to Mr. Dutt, the chief fear of the British Foreign Office at the moment is that Germany or Japan will jump the gun:—

Just as the war on the rival German imperialism required ten years of daily preparation, passing through many incidents, phases, and diplomatic manœuvres before fruition, so even more elaborately the future war on the Soviet Union is being prepared. Hence the anxiety of British imperialism against any premature move of Germany or Japan before the conditions are ripe, against any 'acci-

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dental war' in Chamberlain's revealing phrase. No 'accidental war,' but a well-planned war is the aim of British imperialism; and the machinery of the League of Nations exists, in the view of the imperialists, as expressed by Chamberlain, to prevent any 'accidental war,' *i. e.*, any war not wanted by the major imperialist Powers. (Chamberlain's further brilliant sentence on the League of Nations is well worth noting: 'Provided that none of the nations wanted war, there was no more potent instrument than the League of Nations for the preservation of peace.') But this does not prevent the possibility that, once the train of powder has been laid, the 'accidental war' may break out at any of a hundred points and let loose the major war.

IF THE ADVOCATES of 'muddle through' are again vindicated and the current war scare in Europe goes the way of its predecessors, the future historian will attach more importance to the devaluation of the belga than to Hitler's return to conscription. For one thing, German rearmament had been going forward illegally for years, even under the Republic, whereas the defection of Belgium from the gold bloc marks a sudden, though not unexpected, break in the course of events. Although the Belgian currency was cut to one-seventh of its pre-war value when it was stabilized in 1926, instead of one-fifth as the franc, the country depends so largely on world trade that its industrial exports could not compete against the exports of England, America, Japan, and other nations that had reduced their manufacturing costs by devaluating their currencies. But the devaluators have no reason to welcome Belgium into the fold: the more countries go off gold, the more intense competitive currency depreciation becomes, and, just as Japan had to reduce the external value of the yen, so England may have to reduce the pound sterling 50 per cent. The American dollar now stands at 59 cents, but the English want to get the pound down to $4.50 no matter what the level of the dollar may be, and President Roosevelt can still reduce it 9 cents more. In June Switzerland votes on currency depreciation, and there is a growing school in Holland that favors devaluation of the guilder. Before 1935 has run half its course, the gold bloc may therefore be reduced to a single nation—France. And Flandin has already embarked on a scheme of credit inflation similar to that inaugurated in the United States under Hoover and continued by the present Administration. Speculators whose consciences forbid them to buy armament shares for a rise therefore have a second device—selling any gold-bloc currency short.

THE FLANDIN CABINET in France bears so many resemblances to the Roosevelt Administration that it is not surprising to learn that it has an equivalent of Huey Long on its hands, who, although he was born Viscount Henri d'Halluin, has taken the name of Henri Dorgères. He

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attended the secular schools but is accused by the Radical Socialists of clericalism and reaction because the big Norman and Breton landowners are financing him. He organized a 'Peasant Front' and ran for the Chamber of Deputies in a recent by-election in Blois, halfway between Orléans and Tours, in the very stronghold of French Radicalism. Opposed by the entire Party apparatus and by the Flandin Government itself, Dorgères received nearly 7,000 of the 15,000 votes cast and threw a terrific scare into the coalition of moderate Radicals and moderate Nationalists that is now ruling France. For he did not enter the campaign until late in the day, the electorate was not predominantly composed of peasants, yet it was from the peasants and workers who habitually voted Radical that he attracted most of his support. His programme is simple and is defined by *Je Suis Partout*, conservative weekly, as 'anti-parliamentarism and reform of the state on the basis of the family, the region, and the profession.' The same paper goes on to suggest that it is a mistake to expect new political movements to originate in Paris. 'If the soil of France,' it exclaims, 'with a gesture that is no doubt unreasoning but that will be all the more vigorous because it is instinctive ranges itself against politics—the politics of our politicians and of our parliaments—everything will be saved, for the heart of Paris will follow.' It prophesies that in next year's elections for the Chamber many more men like Dorgères will arise and even anticipates a considerable peasant revolt in the municipal elections this May.

THE FRENCH conservatives are not letting the spirit of patriotism in which they find the Radical Socialists so deficient stand between them and their profits. *Lumière*, weekly organ of the Radicals, has just published information showing that our old friends the de Wendels, Théodore Laurent, and Eugène Schneider are still helping Hitler to rearm Germany. The Saar Valley, which remained under French control until March 1, 1935, shipped almost twice as much steel into Germany during the first twelve months after Hitler came into power as it did during the twelve preceding months, and during the last six months that the Saar was under French rule iron exports to Germany almost tripled. But the Saar iron needs to have other ore added to it before it can be used for armaments, and 90 per cent of this ore has come from French soil. In demanding an investigation of a traffic in which 'men, either as administrators or directors, sold, and no doubt still sell to the Germans, iron ore used to make guns and shells for Hitler,' *Lumière* points out that only France could supply the required ore because other sources of supply were too remote and Germany did not have enough foreign exchange to pay for all that she needed. *Lumière* concludes its revelations as follows: 'It has been shown that for the sake of gain, Frenchmen, a

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handful of industrialists, provided ore that was made into cannon and shells, which would be used in case of war to kill other Frenchmen. The revelation of this crime will arouse indignation and anger. It requires an immediate investigation and pitiless punishments.'

FIRST-HAND NEWS from Austria foreshadows a repetition of the events of last year. Chancellor Schuschnigg is at least as unpopular as his predecessor, Dollfuss, and the slight trade revival of 1934 has petered out. More and more unemployed are being taken off the relief rolls, and the declining yield of the tobacco tax provides the surest possible indication of a declining standard of living. This has naturally antagonized the workers, who have been carrying on ten-minute or half-hour strikes that frequently plunged various sections of Vienna in darkness. United-front sentiment is gaining, and the Socialist storm troops, formerly known as the Schutzbund, are said to be more numerous than ever. This does not mean that the Revolutionary Socialists and Communists are on the point of seizing power. The Government has nearly all the arms in the country and is increasing its equipment and fighting forces. Also, the working class has not yet rallied behind any single leadership. But the Nazis have lost a little ground, and at the moment the Monarchists are gaining. The postcard shops around the Vienna cathedral are full of pictures of Prince Otto, and on March 31 a memorial service for his father, Emperor Karl, was held. The Nazis, however, have not given up the fight. They know that the Little Entente opposes a Hapsburg restoration, and they have tried to undermine Schuschnigg's pro-Italian Government by demanding the return of the southern Tyrol, which is now in Italian hands. No other party has quite the vitality of the Nazis, and in spite of the revived Monarchist and Socialist activity—indeed, because of it—Hitler may try his luck in Vienna once again.

THE HUNGARIAN elections that gave Premier Julius Gömbös control of Parliament mark another Nazi victory in Central Europe. Count Stephen Bethlen, who remained Premier for ten solid years after the War and ruled the country from behind the scenes until a few weeks ago, has suffered his first major reverse, involving not only himself but the entire big-landowning class to which he belongs. This class has talked treaty revision for fourteen years, cloaking its retention of feudal privileges behind a front of fake patriotism, for it never made any bold strokes in its foreign policy. Gömbös, on the other hand, represents the smaller landowners, the younger generation, and the army, in which he rose to the rank of general during the War. He has long been affiliated with terrorist organizations in various parts of Europe but has now

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identified himself chiefly with the 'Reform Generation,' which is particularly strong in student and army circles. It claims to be above parties and, like the Catholic Fascist régime in Austria, draws its social doctrines from Pope Leo XIII's 1931 encyclical, *Quadragessimo Anno*. It advocates a Christian, national, and socialist 'front of justice,' and its immediate programme includes land reforms, settlement schemes, and a more just distribution of work and income. Admiral Horthy, the regent of Hungary, also belongs to the small-landowner class. He therefore has more sympathy for Gömbös than for Bethlen, and, since he is thoroughly satisfied with his own job, the cause of Hapsburg restoration would appear to have suffered a defeat. Meanwhile Gömbös calls himself a 'progressive conservative,' meaning no doubt that he wishes to progress toward Fascism while conserving the Catholic faith.

THE TRIUMPH of reaction in Spain has given new life to the country's foreign policy, especially in the Mediterranean. Whereas the Republic, which was dominated by the Free Masons, was rumored in 1932 to have given the equally Masonic Radicals, who then ruled France, permission to build a naval base in the Balearic Islands, the present pseudo-Fascist Catholic Government is preparing to play a more independent part. Its chief newspaper, the *Debate* of Madrid, advocates increasing both the air force and the navy, which would serve as a constant threat to the French line of communications with Africa. Of course, Spain is ultimately at the mercy of the British navy,—just as Italy is,—but it does possess geographic advantages that enable it to pursue a more positive foreign policy, and it is also not only more nearly self-sufficient than Italy but much more difficult to attack, especially if it develops its military aviation. In December, 1935, the Anglo-Franco-Italian-Spanish treaty defining spheres of influence in Tangiers and Morocco comes up for reconsideration, and Spain hopes to take advantage of that occasion to play a more important part in the Mediterranean.

LAST OCTOBER the Japanese War Office got itself into some local hot water by devoting one of its periodic pamphlets to recommending social and political reforms. Its latest publication, tersely entitled, *The Determination of the Japanese Nation at the Time of Crisis That Marks the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Russo-Japanese War*, takes a different tack and deplores the degeneration of the national spirit. The pamphlet calls, among other things, for the liquidation of modern civilization based on individualism and diagnoses the ills of Japan as being due to intoxication with western civilization. At a time when both Communist and Fascist states are liquidating the individual, the Japanese announce

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that they liquidated him long ago. Here is the way the Tokyo *Jiji* summarizes this part of the pamphlet:—

> Most of the nations are still in darkness. They are competing with one another, and the strong are feasting on the flesh of the weak, both at home and abroad. That this is so is an inevitable consequence of civilization founded on individualism, which the people of Europe and America have embraced for several centuries. Unless a civilization of a higher order is provided for them, they will find it impossible to pull out of their present plight. The Fascists and the Nazis are making an attempt in this direction. Their doctrines may find justification within their own nations, but they are far behind the national belief and state doctrine of Japan.

It then gives this definition of the Japanese point of view:—

> The Japanese sense of 'self' is not the 'ego.' The 'self' is a member of the state, of which the Emperor is the nucleus. It goes back to the ancestors and descends to the generations to come. In other words, 'self' is inseparable from the state. From this conception spring filial piety and loyalty to the Emperor; it also gives us our ideas of life and the world. If it could be extended to all human beings, their eventual welfare would be assured.

It would be a great mistake to regard this pamphlet, of which 200,000 copies were circulated, as Fascism at second hand or as empty philosophizing. Rather does it give expression to the faith that fills 66 million Japanese and that the people of Western Europe and the United States so signally lack.

BRITAIN'S FEARS of Japanese domination of Asia continue to find expression in the more authoritative London publications. The Conservative *Spectator*, for instance, prints a dispatch from a special correspondent in Shanghai, calling attention to the implications of Japan's Asiatic policy:—

> What is alarming for Great Britain about this policy is, first, that Japan is completely self-seeking—a request that other nations should not negotiate with China until present Chinese-Japanese problems are cleared up is the Oriental way of saying 'we and we alone are going to win China'—and, secondly, that Japan is putting her plans into effect with terrifying speed.

The Chinese National Government at Nanking, which used to fulminate faintly against Japan's occupation of Manchuria but which never put up a real fight, now welcomes the prospect of receiving financial support from Tokyo, leading the *Spectator's* correspondent to indulge in these morbid reflections:—

> Take this sketch of Japan's present trend in China and compare it with a picture of our own. To those who have lived and traded in China and Japan it means simply the eclipse of Great Britain and the usurpation by Japan of the position we held forty years ago. Is this to be accepted without a murmur? Eclipses

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> in Japan are total, and we have too much at stake (our investments run to some £300,000,000) to allow ourselves to be snuffed out like candles. But immediate action is necessary if it is to have effect before Japan's programme develops beyond possibility of check.

England must therefore choose between protecting its stake in China 'in conjunction with all others who share our views' or getting out entirely. It looks as if the next move would be to invite the United States to make China safe for democracy; indeed, an editorial note in the *Spectator* specifically urges 'Great Britain and the United States, and perhaps other countries,' to take a hand.

THE DIE-HARD Tories, led by Lord Lloyd and Winston Churchill, have been so vigorous in their attacks on the India Bill, which Parliament is virtually certain to pass this year, that the measure has got the reputation of being dangerously liberal if not revolutionary. That it does represent 'a substantial advance toward self-government' is admitted by Eleanor Rathbone in the columns of the Left-wing *New Statesman and Nation*, but she also points out that it does not advance very far along this road. Of India's more than 300 million inhabitants 81 million live in 562 native states, ruled by local Princes, and these Princes, to the delight of the die-hards, have found the bill too drastic. The Government therefore acceded to their wishes with the result that Miss Rathbone describes as follows:—

> Even in the Lower House the Princes' nominees will hold 125 out of 375 seats, or about three times as many as the seats reserved to the depressed classes, labor and women, all put together. In the Upper House there is no reservation of seats for any of these three interests while the Princes' nominees hold 104 out of 260 seats. Yet this amazingly conservative federal legislature, mainly representative of large vested interests, will be competent to pass laws concerning marriage, rights of inheritance, labor conditions, industrial disputes—laws which will override, if in conflict with, provincial legislation. No corresponding rights are given to the federal legislature to interfere with any of these matters in the Indian states.

Miss Rathbone sums up the effect of the India Bill on the Princes by saying that 'whereas in the past the Princes have been buttressed upon the British Raj, in the future the British Raj will be buttressed upon the Princes.'

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'In time of peace, prepare for war' seems to be the order of the day in Europe. This sheaf of articles on Germany, Italy, France, and Soviet Russia gives a disturbing but authoritative picture.

In Time of PEACE

A European War Symposium

I. The Case for Germany

By Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels

Translated from the *Deutsche Nachrichten Büro*, German Official Press Service

THE German public observes with unanimous amazement the reaction produced in responsible circles of the chief European capitals by the announced restoration of the military-service law. Germany believed itself justified in assuming that the world would take cognizance of this step with evident relief and a feeling of inner satisfaction. For the open and unconcealed statement of German intentions really represents an element of stabilization that is advantageous, if not actually indispensable, to a logical and fruitful understanding of the European situation. The secrecy that for months and years has surrounded the German armament question has been deplored frequently and actively in official and unofficial places abroad, especially on the ground that peace could not, as they say, be consolidated unless Germany's intentions were fully known. These sources have more than once expressed the wish that Germany would stop its secret manœuvres and openly and clearly reveal where it was going, what it wanted, and what plans it was following.

This desire was all the more imperatively expressed because most foreign newspapers, especially the more authoritative ones, fell into vague and fantastic speculations, which had no

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foundation in reality but seemed chiefly designed to create an extremely dangerous military psychosis in the people. Nowhere can exaggeration be pushed so far as in the field of military policy. What is needed here is clarity, for only clarity can give rise to that clear, realistic, logical development that possesses the inner power to illuminate a confused situation and from that situation to crystallize the decisive elements of security and political stability.

II

How much the world felt the need to have the question of German armament cleared up can be seen from the fact that it used every means at its disposition to uncover the information that Germany was withholding. The historical act of the Leader on March 16 has put an end to these vague conjectures. The world now knows where it stands. That does not mean that it did not know this before. The proclamation and law concerning rearmament have merely made completely certain what was already becoming known and what was not concealed either in official or in unofficial announcements abroad.

In a debate in the English House of Commons on November 28, 1934, Winston Churchill said, 'Germany is rearming. From what we are told and from what comes to us from every possible source, although little is said about it publicly, Germany already possesses a powerful, well-equipped army with excellent artillery and tremendous reserves of trained men. German arms factories are working on practically a wartime basis. War materials are pouring out of them, especially during the last twelve months, at a constantly increasing rate.' In other words, on November 28, 1934, an English politician was already anticipating German rearmament to an extent that was not even reached by the recent law of March 16. Germany can welcome the conclusion that Churchill drew from this fact: 'There is no ground here for the assumption that Germany will attack us.' In the same speech Churchill explained that the time had come 'when the secrecy that surrounded German rearmament had to be dissipated.'

The answer that Baldwin gave to Churchill's speech in the name of the British Government is equally significant. He explained, 'One of the causes of the present malaise in Europe is, as I shall indicate, not only the fear but also the uncertainty outside and the secrecy inside Germany.' Can the German Government be blamed, then, if four months later it does away with this malaise and makes an end of fear and uncertainty by an open announcement?

Baldwin explains still further, 'I am convinced—and I speak here with a sense of responsibility when I discuss the condition of fear that prevails throughout Europe—I am convinced not only of the kind of fear to which I have referred but also of the fear of an unknown terror that may break out, a fear that is chiefly due to uncertainty of what is happening in Germany.'

The proclamation of the Leader to the German people and to world public opinion on that Saturday evening expressly states that the reintroduction of compulsory military service in Germany does not involve the slightest belligerent intention. On the contrary, it will serve only to maintain peace. The fear that some unknown

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terror may break out is now ended by the elimination of uncertainty concerning Germany's intentions.

On March 8, 1935, the *Matin* of Paris described 'a conversation with Marshal Pétain,' in which the Marshal explained, 'Prolongation of the term of military service is absolutely necessary and imperative, for it is not a theoretical but a practical question. In view of Germany's intensive rearmament and the danger of a surprise attack, how shall we protect our frontiers? The neighboring army consists of six hundred thousand men, who are instantly available for active service.'

In a speech opening the fair at Lyons on March 10, the French Prime Minister Flandin announced that 'the armament of Germany, which the signers of the Versailles Treaty are powerless to prevent, has made the arrival of the years in which French recruits fall below normal much more dangerous.' In his important speech before the Chamber on March 15 announcing the reintroduction of two years of military service, the French Prime Minister said, 'According to all known plans, Germany will have at least six hundred thousand men by 1936.' Whereupon this allegation was seized upon by the French Government as the reason and excuse for restoring two years of compulsory military service in France.

How, then, can Germany help being amazed when world public opinion, in view of this documentary evidence, expresses astonishment and irritation because Germany restores universal compulsory military service in a form that does not go so far as statements made by official sources in discussions of domestic policies within the various countries? Would n't it be more bold, consistent, and logical, would n't it be more realistic, more cognizant of the new state of affairs, if everyone took the point of view that the English publicist, J. L. Garvin, expressed in his editorial in the *Observer* on March 3, 1935: 'As a moral condition, with respect to arming or disarming, Germany's absolute equality among the Great Powers must be recognized once and for all. It must be as fully recognized as though the World War and the Treaty of Versailles had never been.'

Germany waited fifteen years for the signers of the Versailles Treaty to follow the German example, as they had obligated themselves to do, and disarm. Instead, the world armed itself and, as far as disarmament is concerned, has confined itself to theoretical and Platonic debates. The Leader has often proclaimed openly enough that he was ready to scrap the last machine gun if the world would do the same. Germany had to draw the consequences from this situation, especially since the other countries were strengthening their armies on the theory that an uncontrolled element had appeared, a theory, furthermore, that was largely based on fantastic assumptions. An unarmed country in the midst of a world armed to the teeth is always an invitation to war. It is not an armed but an unarmed Germany that has disturbed Europe.

The reintroduction of compulsory military service restores the balance that is necessary before the great unsolved problems of world politics can be fruitfully discussed. Germany wants to collaborate on peace. It needs peace as much as all the other nations do. The world will be well advised to at-

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tempt the more rewarding task of developing from the situation that has been created those elements that can lead to permanent stability. All nations are filled with a profound desire for this, and nobody in Europe with any feeling of responsibility whatever believes that a new war can eliminate the injustices of a war that were not eliminated by seventeen years of peaceful labor.

In this situation, offering, as it does, every possibility for genuine understanding between nations, clarity and logic are essential. Nothing would be more dangerous than to build a new structure of illusions and wishful dreams. The more inclined responsible people are to encourage reason and sound human understanding, the more complete will be the happy turn that Europe has recently entered. The atmosphere of secrecy, which has been so often criticized, is merely removed. Germany wishes to meet the world on an equal footing, seriously prepared to collaborate with the best of its powers for the peace of Europe and reconciliation between nations.

The German people has welcomed the clear and bold decision of the Leader with profound gratitude. Its answer did not take the form of military enthusiasm and hymns of revenge. Full of a sense of pride and worthiness, it felt quietly sure of its own power, for its destiny lies well protected in Adolf Hitler's hand.

II. The French Position

By General Debeney

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE Frenchman loves his country, and he is right, for he will not find a more beautiful one anywhere. He is also ready to stretch out his hand to other nations provided they do not threaten his security. Above all, he wants to be master in his own house and to work in peace. Security first. To assure this security, he will accept every necessity, even heavy sacrifice, but he wants to be given serious reasons for doing so. After all, he is the one who will go to the frontier, and it is from his pocket that the money will come. Hence, he is thoroughly justified in asking, 'Why extend the period of compulsory military training from one year to two?'

Let me reply briefly: to assure the country solid protection. But is n't its present protection solid? Yes, up to now it has been, but to-day it is insufficient for two reasons, which I shall explain.

The kind of protection referred to is required in the opening period of any conflict. It means that mobilization goes forward in complete security and that the national armies have time to form their ranks. It also assures territorial integrity in the early days of the war, because at the present time the advance of enemy troops would place the battlefield on our own soil and, whatever the issue might be, would lead to ravages and destruction with which we are all too familiar.

This double task of providing protection behind the lines and on the frontier falls to the lot of the active

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army, which is immediately reënforced by a certain number of reserves. The peacetime army is generally supposed to provide all the necessary protection, but that is a complete mistake, and even in 1914, when compulsory military service lasted for three years and we had an enormous peacetime army, we needed a second body of reserve troops to support the others.

Moreover, it is clear that the fewer reserves the standing army includes the quicker they will rally. This is a prime consideration, for modern armaments have made instantaneous readiness for action far more important than it was in 1914. At the present time, the perfection of artillery and machine-guns, the multiplication of airplanes, and, above all, the extended areas that high-speed tanks can cover enable an aggressor to attempt a bold stroke at the very first hour with consequences that may be extremely dangerous.

Our military literature abounds in studies of this burning subject. Some of them envisage the invasion of a slightly enlarged Reichswehr, some a wave of frontier guards quietly filtering through the spaces between our fortifications. All these hypotheses, which may be varied to infinity, have one undeniable basis of fact. Of course, the military organization of a great country cannot depend on even the most ingenious hypothesis, but these studies all illustrate that the active army should be strong enough to protect us from surprise attacks without the aid of numerous hastily summoned reserves.

In 1928, when the existing military laws were promulgated, these necessities were much less imperious. Germany had a professional army of about 150,000 men. Her trained reserves consisted exclusively of men who had fought in the last war. They had been decimated, and their numbers were diminishing every year. The Control Commission had brought a virtual end to secret armament, and the occupation of the Rhineland protected us in that quarter until 1935. Finally, the Reich had just joined the League of Nations and had thus accepted certain embarrassing obligations. A surprise attack seemed unlikely, and there was therefore no reason why the standing army should not include a considerable number of reserves. The economies resulting from the decline in the standing army also enabled us to build a very modern system of fortifications along the new frontier laid down by the Versailles Treaty.

To-day the situation has changed entirely. Events soon made the 1928 point of view obsolete, and rapid mobilization became more necessary. The evacuation of the Rhineland five years ahead of time started a political move the effects of which are manifest to-day. Germany has withdrawn from the League of Nations and has thrown itself into a process of rearmament that openly defies all international obligations. Her peacetime army already amounts to more than three hundred thousand men, and it can be increased to thirty-six peacetime divisions, instead of the seven authorized by the Versailles Treaty. Trained reserves have been built up for several years, and, finally, the country has manufactured an enormous amount of very modern armament, notably airplanes and tanks.

In the very near future, Germany's

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peacetime army will be able to set in motion sufficient troops to execute one of those surprise attacks that the progress of modern armament permits. Most happily our fortifications are on the spot. But, powerful as they are, they must have troops to support them. We thought we had solved the problem when we increased our long-term recruits by several thousand and added to our specialists, and perhaps this would really have met the situation effectively if our reserves remained constant. But Germany's rearmament coincides with a very serious phenomenon—to wit, that in 1935 and for five years afterward the young manpower of France will decline.

II

A few figures will show the extent of this decline. The only active troops that can be used in the early stages of war are those stationed on French soil. They now include 336,000 men divided as follows: 65,000 men who are serving more than the legal term, 43,000 North African and colonial troops, and 228,000 men belonging to the normal French contingent.

The normal French contingent, or 'class,' as it is called, therefore provides two-thirds of the standing army, and it is this figure of 228,000 that arrests our attention. To avoid any confusion, let us note that the total figure of a class at the present time is 240,000, of which about 12,000 are sent outside the country. Therefore, 228,000 remain.

Now we all know that the years of the Great War were fatal to our birth rate. The children who were born between 1914 and 1919 are now reaching military age, and their numbers will be deficient. The normal class, as we have asserted, represents 240,000 men. The class of 1936 will come to only 150,000, the 1937 and 1938 classes will fall to 121,000, and the two following classes will amount to 138,000 and 150,000. In short, over a period of five years the classes who were born during the War will show a deficit of about 100,000 a year compared with the normal class that the French population brings forth. The very moment when it would be wise to increase our standing army, the reserves from which it is drawn have fallen about one-third.

We are obliged to take drastic measures to maintain the active army at its irreducible minimum. To have only one class under arms is not enough. We must look to a temporary increase in the duration of service as long as the period of crisis lasts and adopt two years of compulsory military service until 1941. The practical execution of this method of guaranteeing public safety presents no difficulties. The general organization of the army in 1928 was conceived in such a way that the number of troops could be increased, and at the same time the recruiting law of 1927 especially postponed the military age to twenty-one. By lowering that age to twenty, as it used to be, we immediately have a supplementary class that can be summoned in whole or in part. The original age of twenty-one was hit upon for reasons of health and to allow for the possibility of creating a reserve from lower ages in case of need. The need has arrived, and the reserves are there to be used.

Here, then, are the two reasons that compel us to introduce two years of compulsory service—the intensive and

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accumulated rearmament of Germany and the decline in our own reserves. These facts cannot be denied. No one can dismiss these brutal realities, and it is as childish to complain about them as it is to complain about rain or drought. There is nothing to do but face them and estimate the consequences.

Let me add that the financial efforts that have been begun this year to provide ourselves with better war supplies must be continued without faltering, so that these supplies shall not be outclassed by what the German factories are making with such feverish haste, especially in the field of aviation. The question is not to increase our military power but to maintain it as it is in personnel and material. This is the price of our country's security.

III. Can Mussolini Fight?

By Paul Kéri

Translated from *Europäische Hefte*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

ITALY cannot wage war. All the experts know it. This is what Fascism with its military swagger tries to make us forget.

Since table-thumping carries more weight in international politics than anywhere else, this long-standing Fascist trick has produced the required psychological effect and has blinded even the foremost augurs of world policy to the fact that, because Mussolini's Italy lacks the raw materials that are essential to modern warfare, it is more incapable of waging war than any of the other states that have subordinated everything to militarism.

Mussolini's Supreme Defense Council recalled this fact when it informed the world that after twelve years of intensive study it had succeeded in 'freeing the nation from slavery in the event of war.' Italy's self-sufficiency is now said to be assured, and dependence on the outer world has become nothing but a 'worn-out phrase.'

The way this information was imparted to the Italians and to the world at large is very significant. First came a Stefani news dispatch, full of extravagant claims, which boiled down to the one fact that the National Defense Council had saved the day. No details, however, were vouchsafed. Then came the statements of the Council itself. People awaited them with intense interest, but they, too, contained nothing but generalities. They made assertions that did not in any way alter the fact that Italian Fascism cannot wage war at the present time.

II

Mention should be made, first of all, of the omission of cellulose, which is indispensable in the manufacture of explosives and which must be imported because of Italy's recognized lack of lumber. The releases of the Defense Council also say nothing about naphtha, which is essential to the operation of battleships. Or does the statement—'In so far as oil and oil derivatives are concerned, castor oil and olive oil will make the nation independent of any supplies from abroad'

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—mean that castor oil can make warships, as it has already made anti-Fascists, serve the purposes of Fascism?

The announcement does mention benzine, but in a completely fantastic way. Italy has very extensive lignite reserves, which might be converted into benzine by some process similar to the Bergius process of making oil from coal. Secret experiments are being made in these lignite fields, and the Defense Council intimates that it is discovering methods of transforming the lignite into oil. Everyone knows, however, that eighty years ago Berthelot discovered a method of liquefying lignite in his laboratory and that in our own time the German Bergius has succeeded in turning his discovery to industrial purposes but that it still remains unprofitable. The German Dye Trust has reserves to be used only in the event of war, but they could supply only a small part of Germany's needs and would be exhausted if the war lasted a long time.

In the light of present relations with Italy, the Germans will certainly not export their Bergius discoveries, and it will take some years before Italy—or England either—can develop processes of its own. Furthermore, the lignite supplies could not be profitably exploited since they are too raw. They have lain untapped, and entirely new plants would have to be built. Italy has oil fields and shale that contains oil. From these it extracts 20,000 tons of benzine a year, but in time of peace it consumes about a million tons.

Italy's lack of coal is well known, and the announcement of the Defense Council does not devote many words to the subject. It merely points out that these sparse reserves would be exploited to the point of exhaustion in the event of war. As far as iron, zinc, and aluminum are concerned, Fascist mysticism does not even mention them. God has endowed Italy with very little iron, and Italian military journals themselves admit that their supplies could last for only half a year. But, if a new war breaks out, it will certainly last longer than six months —*si on meurt, c'est pour longtemps*.

Reliable Italian statistics reveal that in time of peace the country depends on foreign sources for 15 per cent of its grain supply, 15 per cent of its meat supply, 99 per cent of its cotton, 80 per cent of its wool, 95 per cent of its coal, 99 per cent of its petroleum, and 53 per cent of its ore.

III

This, of course, does not mean that Italy is not a very serious and therefore a very threatening military Power. But Italy is such a Power only so long as another Power stands by its side, providing it with the necessary raw materials and manufactured products. At the moment that Power is England. Mussolini is England's agent on the continent. England is providing Italy with the necessary military equipment. It is completely impossible for Italy to go to war on the side of any other Power, simply because this long peninsula can be cut off from all foreign supplies by the English Mediterranean fleet. It is also impossible for Italy to wage a war without the consent and approval of England, and, among all the uncertainties in world politics to-day, one thing only stands firm—that England does not want a

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war at any price. And, since this is true, it is equally certain that Mussolini's Italy cannot wage war.

Yet it is with precisely this war that Mussolini is threatening the continent of Europe. He makes it hold its breath, and the Fascist world conspiracy has won victory after victory in consequence. It is a gigantic piece of bluff, in which Italy is the tool of England and of those capitalistic economic groups that cannot continue to exist without promoting armament. It is high time that someone, like the child in Hans Andersen's fairy tale, cried out, 'The king has no clothes on.' Italy cannot wage a war. If the statesmen of the nations that are being threatened had understood this sooner, the Marseille murders would not have threatened the immediate destiny of the world.

The high-sounding announcement of the Supreme Defense Council may seem to have been an unhappy stroke, coming, as it did, at a moment when Italy's weakness was so clear. Actually, however, it is nothing of the sort. We have only to recall that this announcement appeared immediately after civil war had broken out in Greece and that the Fascist press and the correspondents of foreign newspapers in Rome commented in the following vein:—

Italian Fascism finally discovered that it could not gain the spheres of interest that it wanted in the Balkans and the Near East to assure itself the necessary raw materials. Therefore, it decided to supply its war needs by drawing solely from its own reserves with the aid of science, technology, and organization. Not long ago Mussolini made a speech on Asia Minor that attracted little attention, referring to that piece of land as one of the chief military aims that the Fourth Rome had in view. Whereupon Kemal announced that he would 'tear the eyes out of anyone who looked at Turkey and hack the hands off anyone who stretched them in her direction.'

When the announcement of the Italian Defense Council appeared, Plastiras and Venizelos were already armed and ready to undertake an insurrection against the pro-Turkish Government of Kondylis. The *Daily Herald* of London said that the mobilization of half of Italy was not directed so much against Abyssinia as in preparation for the 'incident' in Greece. The Balkan Pact was to be torpedoed, and Mussolini wanted to be ready with every means at his disposal to threaten a Fascist war. This was the motive behind the alibi that Mussolini's Supreme Defense Council brought forward some weeks previously when it claimed that it no longer needed the raw materials of the Balkans and the Near East. But Italy was farsighted enough to attempt to clutch at them.

To-day, if any man in a position of responsibility repeated Andersen's fairy tale and replied to Italy's threats with the words, 'Go ahead and try,' the Fascist giant would be disarmed. That is true to-day, but it will not be true much longer. In a very short time Mussolini will have his supplies of raw materials, and, strengthened in this way, he will be able to force Hitler's Germany into a compromise favorable to the Duce. In alliance with an armed and industrially omnipotent Germany, Mussolini will then not need to threaten war any more in order to give Fascist orders to the whole world.

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IV. The Soviets and Their Army

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

EVER since the former imperial colonel of infantry, Tukhashevski, who is now Assistant People's Commissar for Defense, made public the new figures showing the military strength of the Soviet Union, interest in the Red army has steadily increased. The Soviets have entered the European concert, and the actual power at their disposition therefore possesses a more than Platonic interest. In the year 1929 the Red army officially numbered 562,000 men. To-day Tukhashevski gives the strength of the standing army as 940,000 men. The official figure of 1,300,000, at which the Tsarist army used to be estimated (Tukhashevski places its actual strength at 1,458,762), has not yet been reached.

One thing must be granted the Bolshevists: although they have made many mistakes in other fields, they have not deviated from their consistent military policy since 1918, when universal military service was decreed. The army has remained the one department of their national life in which no experiments have been made. The army of 940,000 men refers to the so-called 'skeleton army,' composed of those recruits who have received two years of military training. When the Red army was first being built up, when Europeans were debating what military system to follow and arguing the relative merits of a professional army, a standing army with a long-period of compulsory military service, such as many nations had before the War, or a militia serving for a short time, the Bolshevists replied by combining all three systems.

The Soviet Russian military system is based on a small exclusive body of the best recruits, who compose the skeleton army and who take two years of compulsory service with the land forces. This skeleton army is considerably strengthened by professional soldiers. All other available recruits serve in the so-called territorial army, which is basically a kind of militia. The total period of service in the territorial army lasts sixty months, eight months of which are served consecutively under arms. The number of territorial divisions is never the same as the number of active divisions. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that the territorial troops have small permanent commanding staffs while the officers and men rotate in and out of civil life. The result is that the trained militia exceeds the skeleton army many times over.

II

The active army is also an instrument of domestic policy. The greatest importance is attached to its complete political dependability. The proportion of workers in its ranks comes to 45.5 per cent. Of course, in the event of war many of these skilled workers will be required in industry. The fighting Soviet army will therefore be predominantly an army of peasants,

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and the human reservoir from which it is drawn has increased tremendously since the time of the Tsars. The Soviets have introduced compulsory military service in Turkestan, the northern Caucasus, and among the nomads, something that never happened under Tsarism. Although these people have not yet received complete military training, they provide an available population of some twelve million individuals, who can serve as a new reservoir for the army.

Efforts are also being made to incorporate every available element in the defense machinery. Military training of the male population begins with a few hours a week two years before the age of compulsory military service. A large part of the population belongs to the great military association known as the Osoaviakhim, which has millions of members. This huge organization, to which women also belong, is led by active officers and is trained in every department of military skill and science. Each individual studies what interests him. Training in gliding and parachuting is given on the flying fields. Stations on rivers and harbors provide naval training. Lectures and courses are given in the technique of war, in chemical and gas attacks and defense against these attacks. Rifle ranges are built everywhere, and shooting clubs are formed. There are riding schools, clubs for training military dogs—in short, everything down to the training of carrier pigeons.

The Osoaviakhim has many million members. Its work also ties in with the athletic life of the people, which is promoted by the Council for Physical Culture, and on this, in turn, the army exercises a strong influence. There is another organization, composed of hundreds of thousands of women, who are trained in Red Cross units so that a nursing personnel will be ready for the future emergency. Thus, apart from the skeleton army, there are millions of trained men in reserve organizations of one form or another. Although the entire population does not receive the same military training, the Soviet State has trained its masses to a higher degree of military skill than Imperial Russia ever did. For in the old days only a third of the great number of recruits was actually available for military service, and all the rest remained without any military instruction.

In the central headquarters of the Red army the corridors are filled with portraits of spiritual ancestors. These include the old commanders, famous rebels like Spartacus, Cromwell and his generals, the generals of the French Revolution, the leaders of the Hungarian uprising of 1848, Poland's revolutionary generals of 1830 and 1862, and Garibaldi. But the real ancestors of the military idea behind the Red army are not represented in these headquarters, to which everyone has access. For these theories were developed by two great military theorists, by Archduke Karl, the Austrian commander whom Napoleon defeated at Austerlitz, and Clausewitz. But Clausewitz is given the higher place because of the philosophic content of his writings and because he was a dialectical materialist of the first order. The Bolshevist publicists have repeatedly expressed the highest praise for Clausewitz and once referred to Lenin as 'Marx plus Clausewitz.'

The fundamental idea on which the Red army is based is completely domi-

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nated by the spirit of the military offensive. It is also penetrated by the idea that in an emergency all the leaders must know how to act as individuals, not only in a strictly military sense, but also in adjusting themselves to the existing political situation. The Soviet Union is very deeply concerned with the intellectual basis of war, and it is therefore only natural that along with the purely military education of the masses, along with the technical preparations that are being made special importance is attached to winning over the minds of the future soldiers.

V. Postscript

By Georges de la Fouchardière

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Topical Weekly

THOSE were the times when Saint John and Saint Mary Magdalene were disturbed by rumors arising from the earth and interfering with the broadcasting of the Heavenly concerts. Parasitical noises of cannon and machine-guns came from Greece, where false gods slept in their purple shrouds. From Italy came the sound of boots, boots, boots, marching in rhythm to a song the chorus of which we translate as follows: 'Off to Ethiopia, that's the happiest fate, the best of luck.' The French sang: '*Aux armes, citoyens! Reformons nos bataillons!*' And the Germans roared in chorus: 'Hurray for us!' which means, 'Death to the others!'

Saint Mary Magdalene and Saint John stand for whatever may yet remain of divine pity and human kindness in the Kingdom of Heaven. They direct the tiny choir of those whom the Archangel Michael scornfully calls 'bleating pacifists' and against whom he is demanding an injunction, for such propaganda may demoralize the celestial cohorts, who are preparing a civil war *à la Grecque*. (There has already been one civil war in Heaven; and Lucifer never resigned as commander-in-chief of the regular army: that's why he's still in the fire.)

'Let's go and talk it over with the boss,' Saint John said.

On the way they met Saint George gamboling immodestly and Saint Geneviève receiving delayed but sincere congratulations from the newcomers on her Marne victory, for the commemoration of such things goes on forever and ever—in Heaven as it does on earth.

Saint Mary Magdalene and Saint John exchanged glances beneath their haloes.

'The only one they congratulate down there in France is Joan of Arc,' Mary Magdalene murmured.

'She was ill advised,' Saint John replied in an indulgent tone, which implied a certain disapproval of some Voices in the Heavenly Kingdom.

The Almighty, buried in cloud-pillows, was meditating on the folly he had committed when he created man. He looked very much aged and discouraged since the loss of his only son, who had died in vain for the sake of justice and humanity. Seeing John and Mary Magdalene before him, he glanced in their direction as if to ask,

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'What is it now?' Mary, weeping, bowed to the ground, and the Almighty made a gesture of surprise, signifying, 'What am I do to about it?'

Then John spoke: 'Lord, I have come to ask your Graciousness a twenty-four-hour leave of absence.'

'For yourself?' the Lord asked in surprise.

'No, for the Unknown Soldiers in our midst—the one from France, the one from Germany, the one from Belgium, and the others. People down below have been making them talk long enough. It's high time their voices were really heard. Send them down to earth for one day.'

'Do you think it will do any good? Every time my special envoys go down to earth, misfortune befalls them. You know how they treated my son . . . And it's disgusting, what they did to the two angels I sent to Sodom. They'll kill your Unknown Soldiers a second time . . . Oh, there's Mary weeping again . . . All right, I'll grant you your request.'

Then the six or seven soldiers whose bones lie beneath sacred stones, on which Negro kings, beauty queens, and cannon-makers deposit flowers, received their passports, on which was indicated Geneva as their destination. For the Almighty still has illusions about a new Tower of Babel, although work on it has already been abandoned.

There remained in Geneva a few incurable old fellows, completely incapable of helping prepare for hostilities. The French *poilu*, who served, of course, as orator for the entire party, spoke: 'Let me tell you one thing. We fellows died on condition that there should be no more wars and that our sons should not have to spend their youth in barracks. Now they're talking of starting the whole thing up again. Well, we've had enough . . .'

'Yes,' said the British soldier.

'*Jawohl*,' the German assented.

'*Ça est vrai*,' the Belgian confirmed.

The old gentlemen did not seem to understand.

The French *poilu* then found the right word: 'If you start that business all over again, you'll take our places under the marble slabs—you, the old fellows, whose old age has saved you until now.'

Then he pointed to Heaven—but not in a gesture of hope, for that was where death by gas would come from. Finally, one of the living who were assembled there made an unexpected and original suggestion: 'What if we were to disarm? I mean seriously . . .'

I should have warned you at the beginning of this story: it's only a legend.

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At a time when war is threatening both Europe and Asia, the continent of Africa remains the one large, unexploited area on the earth's surface. Here are three covetous articles describing its great possibilities and shortcomings.

A Continent *of* LOOT

Europe's Black Hope

I. Africa, Incorporated

By Adolf Grabowski

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

EUROPE'S relation to Africa is one of the chief problems of future world political development that looms larger and larger. Asia will go its own way, partly because Japan has become a predominant Power of the first rank, but also because it was inevitable that the old Asiatic nations with ancient cultures should recall their mighty traditions. Though Europe will not surrender all its ground in Asia in the near future,—England's position in India, for instance, will remain strong for some time to come,—Europe can not expect to make further gains here. As a field of western activity and as an outlet for Europe's surplus population, Asia must simply be ruled out of consideration.

Africa is an entirely different story. Its territory does not touch Europe as Asia's territory does, but culturally it is very much closer. The Mediterranean world attained unity once upon a time, and to-day it is on the way to attaining unity again. France regards its colonial empire in North Africa as a direct extension of the motherland, and Italy, too, is inclined to assign the same rôle to Libya. The Sahara used to be regarded as an impassable barrier separating the Arabs and Berbers of North Africa from the Negroes of Central Africa. That it still

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presents as much of an obstacle as an ocean cannot be denied. At the same time, the researches of Leo Frobenius show that the Sahara used to be traversed in days gone by. In early times, regular communications were maintained between the Mediterranean coast and the Sudan as well as between Lake Tchad and the Niger River. It was along this path that Islam penetrated the heart of Africa.

II

The entire continent is much more of a unity than people believe. And, although the cultural differences between the light-skinned inhabitants of North Africa and the Negroes of Central and South Africa are tremendous, they have one thing in common. The Arab and Berber population stands as resistless and helpless in the face of aggressive capitalism as the Negro does. In spite of the business acumen of the North African, he has been unable to follow the example of the Japanese and the commercial classes of the Chinese and become an active element in capitalism. Precisely this circumstance has permitted France and Italy to penetrate North Africa and has enabled England, now as formerly, to play a decisive rôle in Egypt in spite of the nationalist movement.

It is all very well to regard Africa as an extension of Europe, and hence as an extension of European capitalism, but many dangers also arise. Capitalism, especially after the industrial revolution, has broken the old social forms in which the inhabitants of Asia once lived and has consigned them to factories, in which their former social relationships have been destroyed. Yet we need only look at Japan to perceive that many elements of a social structure thousands of years old have been preserved.

In Africa, on the other hand, the intrusion of capitalism has been accompanied by a terrible destruction of the old social order, especially among the Negroes. This is all the more true because Africa, especially Negro Africa, is on the way to becoming a vast industrial continent. What it lacks in coal it more than makes up for in water-power. The land slopes down from the interior to the sea. Eastward it falls sharply in gigantic waterfalls, and, although the waterfalls descending westward are not so steep, more water flows in that direction.

Up to now only the Zambezi Falls have been harnessed to an important electrical station, but it is not hard to foresee that within the next ten years huge power stations will be built in conjunction with increasing industrialization. We have seen the copper district of Katanga become one of the greatest copper regions in the world, not to mention the mining areas in South Africa. Industry has stimulated communications. Katanga is shut off from the world on every side, and the newly completed Benguela Railway that runs through Portuguese Angola provides the quickest route to the coast. And the French Transsaharan Railway, the construction of which is now merely a matter of time as a result of decisions reached by the French Imperial Conference, and the competing line that the Italians are planning to build to Lake Tchad will stimulate industrialization and the production of raw materials. Automobiles are also opening the veldt, the half-deserts, and the deserts of

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Africa. Another very important development is that natives as well as Europeans are building up a modern plantation system. Most of the cocoa plantations on the Gold Coast are in the hands of Negroes, who ride in their own automobiles, driven, if possible, by white chauffeurs.

Here we encounter an especially delicate feature of the whole situation. Uprooted from his social organization, the Negro has become a complete proletarian, especially in South Africa, but he is finding a counterpart in the poor white. News dispatches from South Africa inform us that almost half the European population is so poverty-stricken and helpless that no measures can possibly aid them. Perhaps the same thing is happening in other African industrial regions, for the white man quickly degenerates in the tropical and sub-tropical climate of Africa. In 1921 there were 1½ million Europeans in the South African Union and 5½ million colored people. It is estimated that in the next fifty years the white population will increase to about 4 million and the colored to about 19 million. But, if 2 million of the 4 million whites live in a permanent condition of mass poverty, the social order cannot be maintained with the additional complication of the colored problem.

III

If Africa becomes an extension of capitalist Europe, we must remember that it may also become a terrible threat to this same Europe. The black man, removed from his old social framework, will be able to spread fire and sword over the continent and to overwhelm white domination in an unprecedented sea of bloodshed. Faced with this danger, the English have applied a colonial method known as 'indirect rule.' Leonhard Adam, who is well posted on the rights of African natives, has written an article in the January, 1935, issue of the *Deutsche Rundschau* explaining this system. Sir Frederick Lugard did more than any other man to introduce indirect rule, which he has described in his book, *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa*. Native culture is not to be abruptly shattered any more but progressively adjusted to the new order, which must attract or, better yet, maintain the loyalty of native authorities to the constitution and protect the native social forms. In Nigeria, the British African colony with the densest population, along the Gold Coast, in Sierra Leone, and in wide areas of Equatorial and Southern Africa, as well as in Uganda, the system has already been introduced.

Will it succeed? Adam believes that it cannot be introduced in the cities and mining districts of South Africa because a native proletariat already exists there. He is also justly skeptical because the Negro cannot be transformed into an industrial worker without being uprooted. As he explains, indirect rule could be established in Africa only through the rationalization of industry, and he naturally does not state what form this rationalization would take.

These methods have also suggested another possibility. E. L. Guernier, the French colonial politician, a former collaborator of Marshal Lyautey's, has recently written a book entitled *L'Afrique, champ d'expansion de l'Europe*, which he himself has summarized in a new Paris publication

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entitled the *Ausweg*. This periodical describes itself as being devoted to resettlement, migration, and colonization and appears in German. Guernier points out that Europe has taken a position of undisputed leadership in Africa and that 82.4 per cent of Africa's imports come from Europe and Africa's exports to Europe are even larger, for its sends 89.7 of all its products there.

Demographically, Africa is well suited to large-scale settlement from Europe. The vast, healthy, high plateau in Central Africa, twice the extent of France, could accommodate ten to twelve million Europeans. But Africa must be far more completely incorporated in Europe than it is today, and this can be accomplished only by the united labors of Europe, as Marshal Lyautey himself finally recognized. The high point of the general programme would mean building airports, a centralized system of communications, telephone and telegraph lines, a network of wireless stations, and water-power stations for irrigation and electrification. To accomplish this task the sum of 43 billion French francs would be needed, 20 billions of which would go to orders from European industry and 23 billions would be spent on transportation and labor. As a result Europe would probably increase its African trade from 75 billions to about 400 billions, a sum that comes to approximately 75 per cent of its total trade.

The above-mentioned figures seem to consist of thin air and give the whole project a rather fantastic appearance. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that a united European effort to coördinate Africa such as has often been urged before, notably by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, would give our old continent a task that might restore it to health again. In this connection Guernier has not yet pointed out that the chief value of such a work of collaboration would lie not in the economic but rather in the social field. If the exploitation of Africa is continued as it has gone forward in the past by individual countries, each colonizing nation inevitably tries to surpass all the others in the speed of its exploitation. This at once tears the reluctant natives from their old tribal relationships and makes them modern industrial workers or agricultural workers.

Coöperative effort, on the other hand, would do away with this uncoördinated treatment of the natives and would gradually adjust them to a modern economic system; thus the rationalization and industrialization of Africa that Adam hopes for would be achieved. Europe would then no longer be creating a homeless African industrial proletariat that ultimately would destroy European rule.

The only question is whether the imperialist policy of the Great Powers permits such a united European policy. Guernier calls Marshal Lyautey to witness, but even Lyautey was an advocate of a French imperialist policy fashioned on the English model. If it should turn out that the European countries that are equipped for the task do it in such a way as to promote their own interests and divide the spoils, it would certainly not be a united European enterprise. On the other hand, it is conceivable that the nations that received too small a share in the apportionment of Africa might try to gain a foothold in the old colonies in the name of European col-

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laboration. That would mean the advancement of individual national interest and would complicate the whole undertaking with very difficult conflicts, especially if the League of Nations or some pan-European organization were to serve as guarantor. But, if Africa as a whole is not colonized, the dependence of Africa upon Europe and the emergence of a really new world are likely to lead to the most serious catastrophes.

In order to guarantee the open door in the Congo Basin, Bismarck summoned a Congo Conference in Berlin fifty years ago. It was the greatest colonial conference of all time. A new and still more inclusive African conference is even more desirable today. Of course, the fruits must be more permanent than those of the conference that occurred in the winter of 1884–85, for the neutrality of the Congo has never been finally established. But at once the question arises: who shall call the African congress—the great imperialist Powers or the League of Nations, on which these Powers depend? Grotesque as it may seem, the suggestion would come best from the United States. That country has an interest in maintaining a peaceful, united Europe and Africa and is far enough removed from the scene to be able to act as arbitrator. A Europe occupied in Africa would scrupulously observe the Monroe Doctrine.

II. Unknown Abyssinia

By Iwan Kirchner

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

ONE Ethiopian owes another ten talars. This results in an exchange of words on the public street. An eager crowd immediately gathers around the two men, whose togas flap in the air as they shout in rising tones and wave their long black arms with such ferocious gestures that blood seems likely to flow at any minute. Their muscular, black, bearded figures look terrifying as they strike aggressive attitudes. The crowd around them grows thicker, but nothing happens. The controversy continues for half an hour, for an hour. Finally they are completely exhausted.

Such an astounding exhibition of discipline amazes the white visitor and almost leads him to regard the affair as a duel of speech governed by athletic rules. For the two contestants never speak at the same time. One of them listens carefully while the other pours out a flood of fantastic mockery. Emotional excursions are strictly forbidden. Only the richer dialectic, the greater aggressiveness carries the day. Nor does any spectator attempt to intervene. The rule that such differences must be confined to the parties concerned is strictly observed. It is a kind of trial with the public acting as judge.

The mockery of the disputants is chiefly inspired by points of manly honor. The question, 'Where is your father?' proclaims the incapacity of one's opponent and is therefore regarded as a profound insult. As his rage mounts, the man who is attacked

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suddenly turns to the spectators and asks them with an inimitable gesture of contempt, 'Tell me, how shall I handle this man? Is n't he castrated? I don't know whether to beat him, or perhaps only kick him around a little, or whether simply to look through him as if he were a window that now happens to be wearing the appearance of a real man.' That is the way the Abyssinian men talk when they quarrel seriously. But never do they compare each other to animals or to anything that they regard as unclean. Their words always show respect for the value of the inner man, to which nature has merely given a certain outward form.

Finally, the store of insulting words is exhausted. The disputants cannot agree. Panting and sweating, they face each other in fighting attitudes and measure each other with glances suggesting that the worst will happen. It seems at last that only brute force can decide. One almost hears the first blow that must come any minute now and that will lead to a real fist fight. Anticipating such a struggle, one closes one's eyes involuntarily for a moment. Two black giants stand ready to fight surrounded by a ring of spectators.

Civilized Europeans, you are making a mistake. Nothing of the sort happens. For the first time the two men seem to have come to an agreement. They draw themselves up and glance in circles over the heads of the spectators, who thus become witnesses. In accordance with strict regulations, the aggressor now bows to his opponent and with a movement quick as lightning grasps the tip of his toga. With a pathetic gesture he ties the corner of his own toga to his opponent's and shows the knot to the crowd. By this symbolic act he has announced to the general public that the dispute can now be settled only by the *cadi*.

The court room in Abyssinia is kept wide open. There are no intermediary steps. The decision of the *cadi* is final and irreversible. The complaint is a simple one: it is always an issue between debtor and creditor. Every debt is estimated in figures by the *cadi*, and the debtor is obliged to pay it in talars to the creditor. If he cannot do so, then he must work off the sum by performing duties for the creditor. Thus the man who wins the case is also the man who must execute the decree.

While performing his official duties the *cadi* wears the usual toga. He always wears a broad straw hat and holds court in the open street under a wide parasol. He is generally an old man, whose honesty nobody questions.

The two disputants appear. In the presence of the judge they untie the knot that has fastened their togas together and take their places on either side of the judge's stand. Neither one speaks. The judge says the first word and again the disciplined obedience is surprising. You can see the judge making a picture for himself from the testimony. He interposes questions, and then makes a gesture demanding quiet. He reflects. Finally the verdict is delivered. 'Aklal owes Edjigu ten talars. Can he pay them?'

Aklal says that he cannot. The judge then decrees: 'Chain Aklal to Edjigu, and he will work for Edjigu until he has worked off ten talars.' His orders are executed. The session is over. And Aklal is content, for the same thing would have happened if Edjigu had been his debtor and not

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his creditor. Edjigu would have been chained to Aklal, and they would have both had to walk through the street. You see many pairs chained together in this way in the cities of Abyssinia, but a man's honor does not suffer, for nobody knows who is the debtor and who is the creditor.

II

An important Abyssinian, the head of some tribe or his representative, or the representative of his representative and so on, adds to his own importance by having his own representative or adjutant. The native word for this is '*aggafari*.' Generally the son or the nearest relative receives the position. If a white man visits an Ethiopian settlement in northern Abyssinia, the following procession greets him: at the head walks the chief of the tribe, then his *aggafari*, then the *aggafari* of the *aggafari*, and then the *aggafari* of the *aggafari* of the first *aggafari*, and so on through fifty people, each according to rank, and each the *aggafari* of the preceding *aggafari*. The last *aggafari* is generally a boy, and the rest of the crowd consists of the wives, girls, and children of the tribe.

The guest who visits an Ethiopian settlement usually receives presents consisting of unleavened bread, goats, chickens, liquid honey, and candles made of beeswax. These gifts are brought forward in the above-mentioned order, and they are covered by a red canopy—for three reasons: first, the canopy protects them from the penetrating rays of the sun; second, from the Evil Eye that might poison the food; and, third, the wealth of the guest is tested, and it is made clear whether he is worthy to receive all these costly gifts.

Therefore the proceedings go forward as follows: first, comes the usual unleavened bread; the guest tastes it and makes a grimace. This makes it clear that he is used to something better, and he gives the present to his followers. Then a girl brings a thin, half-dead chicken, which goes the same way. Then another attempt is made to present more unleavened bread. It is now the duty of the guest to become angry. He throws the bread to his mule drivers and turns away. And now the better gifts arrive—delicate bread made of real white flour and liquid honey. But that is not enough. The guest is not yet propitiated. He hardly takes notice, not until a strapping billy-goat, fat hens, and thick wax candles are presented. At last the guest indicates that these offerings are good enough for his table. At the next meal the chief of the tribe appears as a guest. But, if the new arrival has given advance notice, he is not greeted by so many people, and only one of the *aggafaris* attends his meal.

The Empire of Abyssinia has one railway, and even that does not belong to it. The shares of the Djibuti-Addis Ababa railway are in French hands. There is also no time-table announcing when the trains leave and arrive. As a matter of fact, the train goes from Addis Ababa to Djibuti and back only once a week. Usually it goes on Wednesday, but it may be that some important Abyssinian wants to leave Addis Ababa or some French official wants to leave Djibuti on Monday. In that case the train goes on Monday, and the foreign visitor who has planned to take the train on

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Wednesday must wait eight days until the next train leaves. This does not disturb the Oriental, who does not understand that time has any value, for has anyone ever succeeded in pouring time into a vessel? But the hotel porter understands and, in return for a large tip, sees to it that the foreign visitor gets his train. He is informed about any changes in the schedule and thus makes his living. Anyone who cannot or will not pay must wait. The passenger traffic on the railway is of only secondary importance. The line is primarily 'strategic.'

III. Revolt in North Africa

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

THE French Government has been aided in its handling of the difficulties in North Africa by the fact that public opinion has paid little attention to the subject. The grave economic situation in Morocco, Tunisia, and Algeria, the differences among the natives themselves, and the consequent threat to French authority have not yet become topics of conversation in Paris. This is amazing, in view of the natural French inclination to criticize, and can be explained only by the curious circumstance that the officials in North Africa have made few mistakes for which they can be publicly criticized.

The crisis in North Africa, especially in Algeria, has developed on its own accord, and the economic misery does not arise from any exceptional circumstance. This land shares the hardships of French agriculture as a whole. It feels the effects of the fall of agricultural prices and the collapse of the wheat market. The expansion of its wine industry has led to even greater overproduction than has occurred in the big wine-growing districts of France. The one feature that might be considered peculiar to Algeria is the debt that has accumulated from make-work loans. These loans, dating back to 1921, served to finance big public works, and they have been extended for some time almost without interruption. The repayment of these loans to France lays a heavy burden on the budget of the three Algerian departments, especially since the railways and postal service are conducted at a deficit. The result has been higher taxes, and yet income from this source has declined sharply.

Since 1880 Algeria has possessed an agricultural system that produced more than the domestic market could consume, and since that time wine, grain, olives, and fruit have been developed, all of which the soil of France itself produces in great quantities. The economic revival that came to Algeria a hundred years ago, after it joined France, has not created sufficient capital reserves for this country. Any decline in the profits of cultivating the soil at once hits the Algerian peasant.

It is an overpopulated country, which has for some years been reduced to a condition of misery. Unemployment is increasing rapidly.

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The natives are no longer able to satisfy their modest needs. Until the world crisis arrived, France could absorb the output of Algerian agricultural products without difficulty, using it to fill out its domestic requirements or shipping its own superior products abroad. Since then, however, exports have declined as trade barriers have risen, and France is now suffering from overproduction of agricultural products. For that reason Algeria can no longer dispose of its goods on the French market, although it is now trying to win back part of this market in economic-political struggles.

But these momentary economic weaknesses by no means explain the entire Algerian crisis. Its roots lie deeper. Hardship has merely served to expose them. Algeria consists of three departments, which are included with the regular departments of France. Nevertheless, this area has, in addition to a governor general, special laws clearly indicating that it is not merely a part of France. The population consists of six million natives—Arabs, Kabyles, Jews—and eight hundred thousand Europeans, most of them French. The Mohammedan part of the population does not possess the rights of French citizenship since these rights are incompatible with its beliefs. Their religion does not allow them to vote. They merely exert influence on the sessions of the so-called 'financial delegation,' which determines the communal expenditures.

It is significant that the great Algerian agitator, Ben Djelloul, whom the Minister of the Interior has recently refused to receive, has increased his influence with this delegation and in local political circles. The masses of poor proletarianized agricultural workers of Mohammedan belief, who have been impoverished still further by the economic crisis, have virtually no political rights whatever. Their desperate outbursts are directed primarily against that part of the native population that is not Mohammedan and that therefore has more political rights—in other words, the Jews and those Arabs who have changed their beliefs. The massacre in Constantine last August, which suddenly attracted the eyes of the world toward Algeria, was merely one stage in the struggle between the impoverished Mohammedans and the more favorably placed element of 'unbelievers,' who, thanks to their 'unbelief,' enjoy political, social,—and, therefore, economic,—advantages.

Thus, it is clear that every outburst of public wrath in Algeria, even when it is occasioned by hunger, at once takes on a religious, and hence a national, character. A poor Arab or Kabyle, who has no dry bread and not a single handful of olives to nourish him, has no other way of showing his resistance than on the basis of his Mohammedan faith. Because they are Mohammedans, they cannot emigrate, and it is also their religious beliefs that compel the impoverished agricultural workers to live closely packed together in this overpopulated country, whereas the native non-Mohammedans, who are also subject to the French rulers, have left the country and sought their fortunes in more open spaces. The riots, fights, and tumults in Algeria, of which there have been so many recently, possess this basically religious characteristic, and the French officials

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cannot regard them lightly or consider them as results of the economic crisis alone.

How else would it have been possible for the Islamic movement to have found it so easy to occupy itself with the Algerian problem and turn it to its own aims? In Damascus and Cairo live native agitators, who promote a revolutionary doctrine that is being hammered into the Algerian proletariat because its orthodox faith makes it automatically oppose exploitation by unbelievers, especially by foreign conquerors. The most devout Mohammedan does not look upon religion and the nation as separate conceptions. A sense of the state goes hand in hand with his belief, and the law under which he lives is written in the Koran.

Naturally, it would be the easiest thing in the world for the French Government to naturalize all these Mohammedans overnight and thus eliminate from the face of the earth the paradoxical situation in which three French departments are inhabited by a population the majority of which has no civil rights. But naturalization along these lines could not be reconciled with the French laws concerning property and inheritance —laws that are not sanctioned by the doctrines of the Prophet.

Who is the real Algerian? The man who, by supporting the French Administration, gains wealth and exercises political influence, or the man who tirelessly and hopelessly plows his ancient soil, true to the beliefs of his fathers but chained to his poverty and impotence? Here, as in the rest of North Africa, the natives and the Europeans do not intermarry. The races remain sharply separated since that is the will of the Mohammedans. Pierre Mille, an outstanding student of colonial questions, has described this lack of intermingling as a grave shortcoming.

II

Vegetables are rotting in the fields of Algeria. The vines are dying on the arbors. The olives are drying on the trees. The corn is withering on the stalk. Of the five million Arabs and Kabyles, hardly a million own their own land. The rest are agricultural workers, who are hired and exploited by the big and small landowners. In the eyes of these brown-skin proletarians, who are seeking for the causes of their misery, the economic crisis seems like nothing at all, whereas race and religion have become fighting words. Little cells of native students are forming in the French universities, making themselves into a future aristocracy, and, in so far as they are becoming intellectualized, they are trying to give some meaning to the misery of their fellows transcending mere economic causes.

The Pan-Islamic position leads to a revolutionary position, which is strengthened by the artificially stimulated class instincts. Religious fanaticism and Communistic tendencies mingle in a curious and dangerous fashion, creating an Algerian nationalism that, and here is the great danger, is ultimately directed against the French and their authority as rulers of the country. Never before has Algeria known unrest of a similar character. The position of the French officers and officials used to be unquestioned. The Mohammedan natives lived completely for themselves. Only the top chieftains and rulers had

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any contact with the French Administration, and through gifts they were kept in a mild but firm state of dependence. If there were ever any disputes, they were rarely with the French but with the Jews or with the Arabs who had turned Christian. This isolated class, however, has now been burned away, and the rebellious Mohammedan now looks his French ruler in the eye.

When we remember that Algeria is not the only danger spot, that Morocco and Tunisia are also in a state of unrest and are witnessing riots and other disturbances, we begin to visualize the extent of French anxiety. North Africa at once becomes the focus of governmental worries. Counter-measures must be taken before all North Africa and the Levant, before all the Mohammedan possessions of France are plunged into the disturbances of a revolutionary movement. What is going to hold the loyalty of the African garrisons, which are largely composed of native soldiers? The Ministry of War now faces the question of whether it should not replace these garrisons partially or entirely with French troops. The additional military strength that France is acquiring from North Africa's reserve manpower has never been discounted so much as at the present time. Daladier has said in a newspaper article, 'At the moment, when international politics are in a delicate and sensitive condition, any increase of distrust in North Africa would be a dangerous source of weakness to us.'

The so-called Mohammedan Committee of Cabinet members, of which little has been heard in recent years, has been reformed, and the Prime Minister belongs to it. Flandin has thus given his officials an organization to work with in North Africa and the Levant. The first step has been taken toward the creation of a Ministry for the Mohammedan provinces of the French Empire. Anyone who is familiar with the rigidness of the French Constitution must regard these measures as significant. Perhaps they are the first step toward a merger of the three North African countries of Morocco, Tunisia, and Algeria, which, up to now, have been administered quite independently of each other.

Oxford on Roosevelt

The most popular man in Oxford is President Roosevelt. This man has initiated national planning in a democratic country, has restored hope to a nation and prestige to a government. It is true that he has taken risks, spent recklessly, contradicted his own policy. In the eyes of Oxford his justification is that he did attempt something positive. We ask of our own politicians only that they should go and do likewise.

—John Dundas, political editor of the *Isis*, undergraduate monthly

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While Kemal leads Turkey from strength to strength, France leads Syria to disaster. Here are Kemal's record of achievement, told by an honest Frenchman, and the French record of failure right next door, told by a cynical German.

Near Eastern CONTRASTS

Resurgent Turkey and Decadent Syria

I. Kemal and His Turkey

By Robert de Beauplan

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

REVOLUTIONS, even when they are constructive, must begin with destruction. The more radical their pretensions, the more they must make a clean break with the past. Hence they encounter many backward or conservative forces, and to destroy them they often have recourse to violence. This was the case with the French Revolution of 1789 and with the Bolshevist Revolution of 1917. Sometimes, however, the new men work under favorable circumstances, and a powerful national movement supports them. This was the case with Mustafa Kemal, or, to give him the name that the Grand National Assembly bestowed, Kamal Ataturk.

Thus, his achievement in Turkey surpasses in scope the achievements of Fascism or even of Hitlerism. It would be an understatement to assert that Kamal Ataturk has made his country progress more within the space of a few years than it did during the previous five or six centuries. Like Lenin, he not only had to break down a social structure; he had to destroy a mystical religion. Turkey was a theocracy. The morals, the laws, the

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administration, the courts, the finances, business, and the arts were all religious; all of them depended on principles of the Koran that Mohammed proclaimed in the seventh century of our era. Now religion resists attack more obstinately than any human sentiment. It was impossible to modernize Turkey without secularizing it. That is what Kamal Ataturk has done. His success will remain one of the wonders of history.

II

Of course, he enjoyed a prestige such as no other man could pretend to; he was the 'Gazi,' the victorious one. National recognition gave him the official title of President of the Republic, and with this post went the supreme authority that he had actually exercised for some time. Kamal Ataturk then put this authority and his own passionate, serene obstinacy in the service of his reforms.

Perhaps he had a clear conception of what he planned to do from the very start. But he confided his schemes only to a few initiates, for he feared giving rise to a scandal or something worse. The fact is that as he accomplished his purpose he saw his early supporters detach themselves and swell the ranks of the opposition in successive groups, declaring each time that they could not follow him so far. But his will was inflexible. He had set himself a goal from which nothing could turn him aside, and in spite of everything and everybody he has reached it.

The essentially religious character of ancient Turkey found expression in the person of the Sultan, who was both Sultan and Caliph. In other words he combined the temporal power of the head of the state with the spiritual power of the commander of all the faithful. When Kamal Ataturk broke with the Istanbul Government, which he accused of selling out to foreigners, he had the Grand Assembly at Ankara proclaim the dethronement of Sultan Mehmed VI. The abolition of the Caliphate was also envisaged along with the abolition of the monarchy. But some members of the Assembly began to form an opposition on this issue, and to keep Parliament unanimous in suppressing the monarchy the question of the Caliphate was provisionally shelved. Nevertheless, the Grand Assembly reserved the right to appoint future Caliphs itself, choosing them from among the members of the former ruling family.

When Mehmed VI, seized with panic, fled secretly during the night of November 1, 1922, on a British cruiser, abandoning Turkey forever, the Grand Assembly designated the prince and heir apparent, Abdul Medjed, a man of fifty, as Caliph. It was only after the conclusion of the Treaty of Lausanne and the proclamation of the Turkish Republic that the Grand National Assembly voted the final abolition of the Caliphate on March 3, 1924. This date marked an important turning point in the secularization of Turkey. It also witnessed the suppression of the religious schools, or *medressehs*, where only the Koran was taught, of the religious courts and of the *cadis*, who presided over them, of the ministry of religious affairs and of pious works.

It goes without saying that this strict separation of Church and State created repercussions in various parts of the country. A revolt led by the

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Kurdish chieftain, Cheyah Saïd, broke out in several *vilayets* (departments) in southeastern Turkey, inhabited by Moslem fanatics. Partial mobilization soon stifled the uprising, and forty-six of the ringleaders were hung on the same day in front of the great mosque of Diarkébin after judgment had been passed by the courts of the Republican Government. It was a close call and showed how dangerous it was to touch Islam, but it gave Kamal Ataturk new zeal in continuing his methodical labors in behalf of progress and secularization.

III

A few months later a second measure was adopted, which had almost as many repercussions as the abolition of the Caliphate. It was a ban on the fez, and headdress has always played a great part in the Orient. Ten years ago all the Turks wore fezzes. The epithet *chapkali*, or hat-wearer, was a grave injury, and, when somebody at Istanbul wanted to discredit a politician, the best way of doing it was to publish a photograph of him in a newspaper showing him wearing a felt hat or a derby. And, if any Turk had ventured into the streets of the city wearing one, he would have been at once arrested by the police and sentenced by the court.

Popular sentiment on this issue was so strong that Kamal Ataturk did not want to attack it point-blank. He began in the spring of 1925 by decreeing that a visor should be added to the army cap. The French themselves had serious difficulty during the Great War when they wanted to make the Mohammedan troops from North Africa wear trench-helmets, which had splinter-screens like visors on the front and back. Then on September 1, 1925, Kamal Ataturk struck a great blow. In Dadai, a little Anatolian village in the Kastamuni region between Ankara and the sea, he appeared at a public festival before the people wearing a hat. At the same time he launched a vehement campaign in behalf of dress reform. At first, only the officials had to wear hats. The intellectuals followed suit. The movement developed so rapidly that on December 1, 1925, the Assembly voted unanimously, except for two dissenters, to suppress the fez. Some reactions occurred, but the law remained in force. All the Turks wore hats. To them they seem less an article of apparel than a symbol of intellectual emancipation, of the victory of the free spirit over religious superstition.

Another measure, as radical as it was swift, marked the secular evolution of Turkey. It was the suppression of the dervishes, who might be described as the monks of the Orient.

At certain periods the dervishes had exercised great political influence. This had declined greatly, but their numbers remained considerable. In Istanbul alone they had more than two hundred monasteries. At the time of Cheyah Saïd's revolt it appeared that the dervishes were the centres of resistance and opposition to the modern spirit. Kamal Ataturk suppressed the dervishes, dispersed them, and obliged them to dress like everybody else. They had to take up trades; some were put in charge of schools or mosques, others became petty artisans, who made kitchen-ware, shoes, hats of goat-hair. By doing away with the dervishes, Turkey rid itself

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of still another external sign that had differentiated it from the Occident as much as the fez had.

The Turkish Republic then went still further. Very recently, through a law voted on December 3, 1934, the Grand National Assembly forbade ecclesiastics of any sect to wear the dress of their calling except in their religious buildings and at religious ceremonies. Exceptions were made only in the cases of the Turkish head of religious affairs, the Grand Rabbi, and the Greek and Armenian patriarchs. In explaining the reasons for the law, Chukru Kaya, the Turkish Minister of the Interior, emphasized its prime importance and said, 'One of the foundations of our revolution is secularization. Now to be secular is to suppress all religious influence from the affairs of the state and the nation. The present law is a necessity that the revolution imposes. It is a question that affects the very existence of the Republic, of the Turkish State itself. A secular state cares little for the prescriptions of any religion. Its decisions are dictated by major reasons, imposed by the real interests of the nation. The dress of ecclesiastics is not protected by our Government, which is completely secular. We are concerned with the work of our revolution, which goes forward and must continue to do so.'

The schools of the religious orders, which the law of March 3, 1924, closed, were replaced by modern secular schools for girls as well as boys. An immense educational effort followed. It was aided by two other important reforms—the adoption of international figures, which was voted on May 24, 1928, and the substitution of Latin characters for Arabic script, which was voted on November 3, 1928, and became compulsory on January 1, 1929.

This double reform of numbers and the alphabet was a great simplification. A printing establishment needed six hundred and twelve cases of letters and figures to produce a book. With the new characters ninety cases were enough. Whereas in other countries small children first learned to read and then to write, in Turkey one had to have reached a rather advanced stage of intellectual development to write or even to read. The measure adopted by the Grand Assembly aroused indescribable enthusiasm. An entire nation, inspired by a touching zeal, went back to school. Public courses were given everywhere—in the mosques, the cafés, the shops, the open air. Hawkers made fortunes selling textbooks. Throwing himself into it as usual, the Gazi set out on a great propaganda tour through the towns and country districts. He gathered all the population about him and showed them the rudiments on a blackboard, with a piece of chalk in his hand. Formerly, eighty-five per cent of the population was completely illiterate; to-day, more than two million adults know how to read and write.

The instruction given in Turkey is not only secular, free, and compulsory; it is 'unified,' which means that all educational organizations have passed into the hands of the State. It is also 'mixed,' which means that boys and girls are educated together. This principle has been put into effect in all the primary and secondary schools and in a great many of the junior colleges.

A few figures will give an idea of the

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progress that ten years of work in the field of public instruction have accomplished. Between 1923 and 1933 the number of boys in the primary schools rose from 250,000 to 366,000; the number of girls from 50,000 to 201,000. In the secondary schools and junior colleges there are 11,500 girls instead of 750 and 32,000 boys instead of 6,000. In the universities there are 870 girls instead of 285 and 4,600 boys instead of 2,900. No expense has been spared in giving the educational centres all the modern spacious buildings they need. The University of Istanbul was completely reorganized in 1933. It includes faculties of law, letters, science, and medicine, each with its own annex. Some of the chairs are occupied by foreign professors and specialists of world-wide renown. In addition to the University proper, we should also mention the Gazi's Faculty of Law and the Educational Institute at Ankara, the School of Advanced Engineering at Istanbul, and the Faculty of Agriculture and Economy with its Institutes of Agriculture at Ankara, which are universally acknowledged to be model establishments.

IV

The progress of legislative reform has been no less significant. Until it commenced, Turkey had no law except the Koran, the principles of which were codified into a body of sacred law known as the *Chéri*. During the nineteenth century a new code, the *Medjellé*, was introduced to facilitate the increasingly close relations with the Occident, but it was entirely concerned with these transactions. This whole superannuated edifice was demolished with a single blow in February, 1926, when the Grand Assembly adopted the latest European civil code, the one that Switzerland had used since 1912: the French code was dismissed as being too archaic, and the German code as being too complicated. In any event, all citizens are equal in Turkey, in rights and duties, in religion and sex.

This outstanding reform has transformed the position of women. Kamal Ataturk had already delivered the Turkish woman from the segregation of the harem and from the obligation to wear a veil. In 1925 he himself had organized at Izmir Turkey's first great ball. But the statute making women free and equal to men was laid down in the new code, which made marriage a civil formality, forbade polygamy, and gave the wife and the children systematic protection that the law of the Koran had always denied.

Kamal Ataturk secularized the calendar. Until then Turkey knew only the Mussulman era. In 1926, on the day after Christmas, the Grand National Assembly passed a brief law stating, 'The day that follows the thirty-first day of the month of December of the year 1341 is the first of January, 1927.' Thus, a habit that had been implanted by religion for more than thirteen centuries was abolished. When we recall that in Christendom the Roman and Orthodox Churches have never been able to agree on the date of Easter,—and it would be a very useful thing if they did,—we get a better idea of what the suppression of the Mussulman calendar meant in Turkey.

The new regulations affecting burials and cemeteries also violated the

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religious sentiment. Kamal Ataturk forbade burials inside cities, he proceeded to remove cumbersome tombs, he created extra-mural cemeteries, according to the practice in all the big modern cities.

The tyranny of the Koran even interfered with the development of the arts. The Prophet had forbidden the representation of the human figure, which made all statuary or painting impossible or at any rate narrowly limited their field. Here again Kamal Ataturk performed a labor of daring novelty. He let himself be painted and sculptured in every pose, and there is not a town that does not own a statue of the Gazi, not a village in which his painted or carved effigy does not occupy the place of honor. At the same time, public officials encouraged instruction in the fine arts. An academy has been created at Istanbul. Exhibitions of painting and sculpture attract the cream of society and show that Turkish artists are as gifted as those of other countries.

Although architecture was not so rigorously conditioned by the Koran, it has enjoyed a revival. The Kemalist reconstruction of Turkey breaks out in a fever of modern construction —public buildings, schools, hospitals, dwelling-houses have risen on every hand. Straight lines are replacing the arabesque, the cube is replacing the Byzantine cupola and the minaret.

The task of emancipating music still remained. In the Orient it was bound by a religious and outworn tradition. After the beginning of the nineteenth century, modern music had certainly penetrated Turkey, but only the socially elect enjoyed it. The people were ignorant. Kamal Ataturk wanted to promote the musical education of his people as he had promoted their intellectual and moral education. In doing this he took advantage of the admirable propaganda power that the radio put at his disposal. Courses in western music were opened for composers and instrumentalists alike. Ankara has its Normal School of Music and its famous Presidency Orchestra. Istanbul has its conservatory, its symphony orchestra for big concerts, and a few months ago the first Turkish opera was presented when the Shah of Persia visited Ankara.

Any number of examples could be given of the complete change that Kamal Ataturk has wrought in the old world of Islam. He has always followed three principles—modernization, democratization, secularization. That is why Kamal Ataturk has so often been taxed with anti-clericalism. This is incorrect. He has never persecuted religion as such. He has respected freedom of conscience. But he has put religious things on their proper level, which is the spiritual plane, and he has done this in a country where, before he appeared, religion was everything—the sovereign ruler in every form of public or private activity.

Imagine Philippe le Bel in 1300 simultaneously promulgating Henry IV's Edict of Nantes, the French Revolution's declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, the Napoleonic code of law, Jules Ferry's educational reform, the anti-congregational laws, and the separation of Church and State, and you will have a rough idea of what Kamal Ataturk has accomplished within a dozen years in a Turkey that was still in the middle ages.

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II. Two Worlds in Syria

By E. Rietthoff

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

THE tourist traveling from Palestine who takes the road that crosses the border at Ras el-Nakura sees few traces of the struggle between the Arab population and the French mandate rulers that is shaking the land. Nevertheless, heavily armed French patrols march along the road, watching with intense interest every vehicle or donkey rider from the interior. To the new arrival fresh from English mandated territory in the same Arabian peninsula, this is an unfamiliar picture. When the Arab chauffeur is questioned about it, he shrugs his shoulders and does not speak. But he cannot help raising his open palms heavenward, a movement that conveys to anyone familiar with Arab gestures a world of disgust and rebellion. '*La police française*,' he mutters in guttural tones.

In one of the idyllically situated rest houses that appear with increasing frequency as we draw closer to Beirut along the superb asphalt highway overlooking the blue sea, I make the experiment of showing my German passport to the Arabian chauffeur. His reticence at once changes to friendly communicativeness. He discusses in a polite, warm tone the German troops that marched through this stretch of formerly Turkish territory during the War, and there is a certain sadness in his face as he talks.

This naturally leads to comparisons with the present occupation. To-day, 70,000 French colonial troops are occupying the country. How is a population of barely 3 million inhabitants able to support such an army? The Arab laughs, a malicious laugh that bodes no good. I have heard others laugh in the same way in a similar situation, knowing that their fists were clenched in their pockets, ready to strike suddenly. Other Arabs, merchants from Beirut and from northern Syria, pour into our Ford automobile and join the conversation.

The land has been arbitrarily divided into three independent governments and state territories—the Lebanon Republic, Syria, and Jebel Druz—in order to promote the political purposes of the French mandate rulers. Formerly, this district, embracing the Turkish province of Lebanon on the coast and the province of Syria in the interior, was closely bound together. But it did not suit the purposes of the new rulers for two districts inhabited almost entirely by Arabs to cultivate close relationships, especially of a national character. Three completely distinct political units were therefore created sharply separated from each other.

This was the foundation of the policy pursued by the nation that held the mandate. It was then strengthened by the systematic introduction of foreign settlers belonging to different races, a receipt originated in Roman times. And what an effective receipt it is. After the War, when the great Armenian massacres began in the vicinity of Ararat and thousands of refugees poured down to the coast, a

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doubly welcome opportunity presented itself to the French. On the one hand, they could add to their reputation as a humane nation by offering asylum to the Armenians; at the same time, however, they hoped to weaken Arabian resistance to their arbitrary rule, and, though they could not break this resistance entirely, they endeavored to displace the troublesome inhabitants of Syria and Lebanon with fragments of a nation that is far superior to the Arabs in slyness, business sense, and commercial skill and that also belongs to a different race.

The receipt worked. The Armenians showed their gratitude. To-day, their commercial superiority has won them a very large part of the national property. They rule the country. As the favored officials of the French Government, as members of the police, but also as members of independent troops, which are controlled by the French and completely subordinated to French influence, they are rightly regarded as the executors of the will of France.

The French régime collects high taxes. It levies tariffs of between 30 and 40 per cent. These burdens rest with a double weight on an economic area that imports far more than it exports, that maintains by way of industry only a few candy factories, canning establishments, and two breweries, and that suffers greatly because the usual practice in other Oriental countries of charging taxes of between 8 and 20 per cent is not applied. In promoting these sharp fiscal practices, France employs the Armenians, who are helpless in her hands.

This set-up is quite in line with the whole policy of France, and especially with its newest policy in Syria. It is clear that French rule can endure only as long as the Arabs in Syria and Lebanon are slavishly oppressed by a French national executive and as long as they receive no support from abroad. That is why the frontiers and the coast are guarded as if war were under way. The civilian population is rigidly forbidden to carry arms, and Draconian punishments are meted out if this law is violated. Traffic in arms and illegal possession of arms are both forbidden. Any national Arabian agitation is relentlessly suppressed. Stool pigeons and spies flourish and are well rewarded by the Sureté Générale, or political police. Any European who enters into too frequent communication with the Arabs is deported. Every day Arabs are being arrested in Aleppo, Homs, and Damascus, and the persecution of men who led uprisings in the past knows no bounds.

II

In spite of, or perhaps because of, all this, the country is seething. It is in a state of furtive resistance that may flare up in new uprisings at any moment. Shell holes and ruined houses destroyed by the French in the former royal city of Damascus are treasured by certain Arabs as sacred relics, and in the face of strict government prohibitions they are shown to trustworthy foreigners. The memory that 5,000 people were killed in this city cannot be erased. Even to-day, years afterward, people are whispering in the Arabian cafés. Their recollections agitate the more determined spirits, who, with the fatalism of Orientals, ignore the obstacles of past and pres-

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ent and direct their hard eyes to a future that does not seem too far away. On the road from Damascus to Beirut, they have built on the slopes of Lebanon a simple impressive monument to one of their national heroes, who was shot by the French. The entrance is barred. Admission is forbidden, yet on Sunday harmless pilgrims walk to this monument erected to a spirit created by the oppressive foreigners, who cannot conjure it away.

The national Arabian movement in Syria maintains headquarters in Aleppo and Damascus. It merely stands guard over a heritage of ideas for which the people have already shed their blood and which is gradually acquiring new life because it is being fertilized from abroad. The wind that carries these seeds blows from the East.

III

All eyes are turned to Baghdad, where the young twenty-three-year-old Arabian King Ghazi, the 'man with the English education and the Arab heart,' recently assumed the post that his father King Feisal held before him. In Iraq and Baghdad the national idea is spreading widely. Modern nationalism is unquestionably to the fore here, and it will not take much to transform the nationalism of Iraq into an opportunity for all Arabia. It is still opposed, however, by the orthodox fanaticism of the southern Mohammedans, the Shiites, who place their religious belief above their race and nation. This movement, however, is not likely to amount to much in Iraq with its 500,000 Christian inhabitants.

The ultimate victory of Arabian nationalism in Baghdad, which is now merely a question of time, makes all the Syrians share great hopes, perhaps not without reason. If these hopes come true, successful uprisings will be organized in Iraq, unlike those of earlier years, which lacked sufficient backing and were poorly prepared. The Arabs of Syria are banking on the support of related tribes in Transjordania and the Hejaz. Even Turkey, where a number of Syrian tribes live north of Aleppo, may preserve at least benevolent neutrality in the event of an uprising, a hope that has taken on a new lease of life as a result of the pact recently concluded between Turkey and Iraq. These expectations are stiffening the backs of the Syrians and hardening their resistance.

One problem still remains: Jebel Druz. The inhabitants of this region, a fighting, robbing mountain people, have conducted an endless guerilla warfare against France, favored by their unapproachable mountains and forests in Anti-Lebanon. Politically, however, they remain completely independent and wage a purely defensive war within their own territory, not only against France but against the Arabs and all other groups who want to secure a foothold in Jebel Druz.

The efforts of Arabian nationalism in Syria are now being directed toward some kind of agreement with Jebel Druz in order to win the support of this nation in resisting arbitrary French rule in Homs. The French know all this. They have taken every military measure they could. They have built superb strategic highways penetrating the entire country, and they have a completely equipped army of occupation. They have built for-

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tresses and fortified barracks everywhere. From these points of vantage they can open fire on most of the Arab settlements.

However, they also know that this country can no longer be held by force of arms if an Arabian uprising receives aid from the hinterland to the east. For that reason the French are pursuing a colonial policy rather than a mandate policy. But, from an economic point of view, they are ruthlessly exploiting every immediate advantage. They do not plan on the future. They are gutting the country of money and of everything valuable that can be removed. The people grow visibly more impoverished. Syria is the only country in the Near East that can be described as suffering from an artificially created crisis. The number of unemployed increases every day along with the misery of the Arabian people although labor, in and of itself, is the cheapest commodity here. The situation in Egypt and the catastrophic fall in cotton prices have nothing to do with the case. That was an elementary economic upset that a few more harvests will set right. In Syria, however, money is flowing away from consumption and vanishing forever into the coffers of the French State and into the hands of the restless Armenians.

The outcome of this unwholesome process depends on political events in Iraq, and these in turn depend on the attitude of the English, who, as the holders of the mandate in Iraq, never lose sight of the bearing of Arabian opinion on India. Last but not least, we must consider the attitude of the most powerful opponent of all European Powers in the East—Japan. For Syria and the countries on which it is counting for aid in the future lie in Asia, and behind everything that is brewing in the witches' kettle of awakening Asian nationalism one can always discover Japan.

It would be stupid to overlook this fact or to underestimate the tremendous influence of Japan on the development of Arabian nationalism. For the determined hopes of a tiny Asiatic coastal and desert people and the similar conceptions that lie behind the political events in the other countries of the Near East make it quite clear that what is happening here is merely part of an enormous organized movement. Japan has at last given the signal to struggle against European spheres of influence in Asia. Its agents are making successful propaganda and can be discovered all over the Near East as soon as one is able to pierce the deceptive surfaces of international, foreign visitors. The watchword that the Orientals have received and that sounds their note of salvation is everywhere the same, from Kabul to Port Said, from Constantinople to Colombo, and it has fallen on fruitful soil: 'Asia for the Asiatics!'

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Persons and Personages

General Minami of Manchukuo

By Hans Tröbst

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Official National-Socialist Daily

Le roi règne, mais il ne gouverne pas. This famous saying applies to Manchuria, where the young Manchu emperor, Pu-Yi, 'reigns,' but where General Jiro Minami actually 'rules.' In his capacity as supreme commander of the Japanese 'Kwangtung army,' which includes all the Japanese troops in Manchuria, and as Imperial Japanese Ambassador to the court at Hsin-King, he has complete power in his hands, while the Emperor plays a decorative constitutional rôle in order to maintain the fiction of an independent and autonomous Manchuria.

Who is this General Minami? Many people liken him to Mussolini, but the comparison does not hold water. At the moment Minami is merely the executor of decisions arrived at in Tokyo and is an unknown quantity as far as Manchuria is concerned, though his position beside the Emperor makes him closely resemble the real but uncrowned ruler of Italy.

According to the Japanese, Minami is simply the Emperor's 'adviser.' But from a purely realistic and dispassionate point of view the General is actually Japan's representative in Manchukuo, and the public will be well advised to keep his name in mind. For 'Minami' and 'Manchukuo' cannot be separated, and, when the last act of the great struggle for Manchuria begins, Minami's name, which is now almost unknown in Europe, will come to possess overnight the same fame that Togo, Nogi, and Oku suddenly gained in the Russo-Japanese War when they emerged from the obscurity of military routine into the brilliant daylight of military history.

General Minami was born in 1874 of the ancient Japanese nobility and was destined for a military career. At the age of twenty-one he graduated from the officers' school with a brilliant record as a sub-lieutenant of cavalry, and shortly after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War he rose to the rank of cavalry captain. He first distinguished himself under General Oku in the battle of Nanshan and fought with remarkable courage under Nogi at the famous 203-metre hill of Port Arthur. After peace had been signed, Minami was appointed to the General Staff and served with all its different branches with

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brief interruptions of active service. He became a colonel of the thirteenth cavalry regiment and later commander of the third cavalry brigade.

A serious ear affliction that assailed him when he was commander of the sixteenth infantry division seemed to have ended his military career when his great hour suddenly arrived. During the manœuvres in Mino Province, the sixteenth division led by Minami was surrounded by the ninth division. Minami succeeded, nevertheless, in escaping from the encirclement in extraordinarily clever fashion. He divided the pursuing brigades of the ninth division and 'overcame' them in one counter-attack after another. This exploit attracted the attention of the chief of the General Staff, who was observing the manœuvres. Thus, in spite of his severe illness, the fifty-three-year-old commander succeeded in winning high distinction with youthful vigor and a stroke of genius.

Minami then climbed the ladder of military fame at a rapid rate, becoming successively inspector general of cavalry, second in command of the General Staff, Minister of War in the Minseito Cabinet, supreme commander of the Kwangtung army, and ambassador to the imperial court of Hsin-King. These are the steps that his brilliant career has followed, but it will not be finally crowned until he is able to handle the Manchurian question 'finally' and solve it for all time.

The General's military abilities are beyond dispute. Politically, he is the exponent of the 'mainland policy' of the Japanese Foreign Office in so far as it concerns Manchuria. According to recent statements from the Japanese embassy in Nanking, this policy coincides with the views of the Japanese army. Its ultimate aim, as the political correspondent of *Osaka Mainichi* recently stated, is the creation of a Japan-China-Manchukuo bloc under Japanese control and leadership. To reach this goal Japan is ready to conclude far-reaching agreements with China and to guarantee China every conceivable support—economic, financial, political, and military. This support, however, naturally depends on China's willingness to recognize the *status quo* in Manchuria, which is conceived of as a bridge between Japan and China. To strengthen this bridge, according to the account given by the above-mentioned correspondent, China must announce its resignation from the League of Nations and replace its present European military instructors with Japanese.

It is not difficult to understand why China regards Japan's efforts with a dubious and skeptical eye and, at the moment, is not showing much enthusiasm about grasping the little finger that is being held out in its direction. For China fears not without reason that accession to Japan's wishes would ultimately mean establishing complete Japanese

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control over China and transforming the country into a second Manchuria.

General Minami appeared at a big banquet in Dairen where he spoke on two important problems. He explained that 'peace in Manchuria means peace in China, in the entire Far East, and, even beyond that, throughout the whole world.' In the task of 'establishing' this 'peace' in Manchukuo, General Minami will have a special rôle to play, for it is significant that, when he received his present appointment, a pro-Japanese Manchurian newspaper quoted these words of Archimedes, 'Only give me a place where I can stand, and I shall move the world.' It then went on to say, 'The appointment of General Minami does not mean that Japan will move the world from its axis, but it does mean that Japan alone is the champion of world peace in the Far East.'

It does not need to be underlined in any way that a Japanese peace of this kind is directed against America and the western world. Perhaps the day will come in the Far East when the rest of the world will cry out to the island kingdom that is now expanding in every direction, 'Do not enter in our domain.' That will be the day when General Minami—and, with him, Manchuria—will play a really decisive rôle in the history of the world.

Mr. Anthony Eden

By a London Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

CAPTAIN ANTHONY EDEN, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in His British Majesty's Government and Lord Privy Seal, has become at the moment a focal point of political interest. He represented England at important consultations in Paris, in which Laval and Suvich took part. Together with Foreign Minister Simon he went to Berlin for weighty conversations with Hitler and Neurath and from there set forth on a political journey of his own to Moscow, Warsaw, and Prague. He is the first active English statesman to visit Soviet Russia. This is a significant and historic task for a Right Honorable gentleman to execute, and there is no one to whom this parliamentary title is better suited.

London regards Anthony Eden as the most promising of the younger British politicians. As the second son of Sir William Eden, he had to let the baronetcy go to his brother Timothy. Destined from birth to lead a cosmopolitan life, he has combined political activity with aristocratic good form. The result is an intense desire to work, great natural powers, ability to concentrate, and refusal to ignore the smallest details, though

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he always maintains a higher point of view, embracing the larger issues, and has a remarkable feeling for what is important. In addition to these qualities, he has a great natural capacity to make decisions, self-assurance, and the manly good looks of the typical Englishman, which reflect his own inner balance and his complete self-possession.

His father was a pure æsthete. He would be unhappy for a week if his gardener carelessly planted a blue tulip in a bed of violets and thus destroyed the harmonious symphony of colors in the garden of the Edens' country estate. And the gardener would share this misery, for Sir William was a man born to rule. Art, travel, pictures filled his life. His artistic sensitiveness got him into a controversy with Whistler that made all London hold its breath.

Anthony Eden crossed the bridge that separates the pre-war nobleman from the young gentleman of to-day when he passed four years in the trenches on the French front instead of collecting pictures. Returning home in 1918 as a twenty-one-year-old captain, he soon made it clear to his friends that he was going to turn his back on the idle worship of beauty to which the older generation had given itself over and was going to devote himself to an active struggle in behalf of everything that he and those like him considered beautiful and worth working for. He spent the next four years studying at Oxford, preparing himself to take an active part in his country's political life. He received the education, polish, and self-discipline that a distinguished young Englishman needs before seeking to conquer in his chosen field.

The Englishman Eden studied Oriental languages because he wanted to learn his own character and the character of his own race by understanding what was most foreign. He still speaks perfect Persian and quoted from the Koran when he met the Arabian ambassador at dinner. In 1924 he took his place among the Conservative benches in the House of Commons. From January, 1925, until the MacDonald Labor Government came into power four years later, Eden worked as parliamentary private secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain. The post that the English parliamentary system gave to the accomplished young student of politics enabled him to see the Locarno Treaty being built by the men who made it. He heard all the Foreign Secretary's telephone calls, wrote dispatches, and generally made himself Chamberlain's right-hand man at the green tables of European diplomatic conferences.

Like every Englishman, Eden is the antithesis of a militarist. He regards soldiers as employees of the state, who protect the population from death and destruction just as the policemen protect them from burglaries and reckless drivers or the firemen from fires. He considers the uniform the working clothes of the state servant and does not feel that it gives the man who wears it any higher value as an individual than the

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livery of a chauffeur or the frock coat of a diplomat. This uniform is taken off when one is not on duty, and one should be called Mr. Eden, not Captain Eden, after returning from the War.

But, just as he is not an idle æsthete, so Eden is not a pure pacifist. He falls into a rage when one calls him that. He loves peace as he loves the picture of the Mona Lisa, which he has often admired in the Louvre, as he loves Arabic poems because they are beautiful harmonious things that yield pleasure. But he will not abandon this peace to its own resources. He wants to work for it and, if necessary, fight for it.

He wants peace not only between nations but within the nation. He believes that the workers should be assured the fruits of their labor. One of his favorite sayings is that, unless every worker is a capitalist, it is no wonder that he becomes an enemy of capitalism. This conception is common to the young Conservatives of England, and it is gaining ground, for the workers have long regarded themselves as stockholders in the British Empire, as members of a great association. The trade unions here are less inclined to fight the big industrialists than to defend the interests of some of the stockholders in the state when they feel that those interests are affected.

People who know Eden do not detect in him any overweening political ambition or any desire to occupy a conspicuous post as leader. He is not consumed by any eternal flame. He does not devote all his activities to politics. To him politics are the fulfillment of a duty that he has laid upon himself, and he recognizes that the upper classes can hold their position only if they render unto the king what is the king's and also render unto the people what belongs to the people. But, when Eden believes that he has done enough for his fellow citizens, he is happy to retire to his house on Lower Berkeley Street in the fashionable Mayfair district and talk to his two boys. The older one is already in school, and Eden explains to him the obligations that life imposes on an English gentleman and tells the younger boy about his travels in Asia and Australia, about his sojourns in the Black Forest and in Austria, about his automobile tours in Switzerland and the Riviera.

In his spare time Eden likes to talk with his wife, the daughter of the banker, Sir Gervase Beckett, about the newest works of French and English literature, with which he is equally well acquainted, or he interests himself selecting wines and food. For his æsthetic desire for harmony expresses itself in a profound knowledge of culinary pleasures. In France they call him the best-dressed Englishman, but in England he is known as the most-accomplished connoisseur. And, if he is not spending the week-end flying to Paris, Berlin, or Moscow, he plays tennis at the Ranelagh Club.

His life represents the compromise that a modern Englishman of the

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upper social classes has made between the ideal of the nobility that existed before the War and the popular ideal of our own time. I am convinced that, if Eden achieves this synthesis, he will take the side of the underdog whenever the state finds itself in a blind alley, for his conscience would regard that as the fairest solution. He is known here in London as a well-balanced gentleman, and anyone who has met him personally will grant that this description fits.

Ushakov, the Soviet Columbus

By Sergei Tretiakov

Translated from *Monde*, Paris Communist Weekly

FAITH, risk, hazard, persistence—this is the stuff the explorers of the capitalist period were made of, beginning with that illustrious Adam of all explorers, Christopher Columbus, whose essential boldness resided in the fact that he dared to go away from the shore and lost sight of land entirely instead of going along the coast line as others had done before him. Faith, risk, hazard—these are the three stars in the constellation of chance that glimmered before the Conquistadors' eyes. The explorer's courage was the courage of a desperate man, behind whom the bridges he had crossed crumbled and for whom return without victory meant the loss of all renown in the cruelly satisfied eyes of the smug spectator.

The collective spirit, planning, persistence—this is the chemical formula of another set of explorers, our Soviet explorers. The persistence here is of a different quality, for it is the persistence of a man encouraged by the attention and friendly interest of the millions of people who sent him. Under capitalism, during those days when the bravest polar explorer was lost to the world, frozen in the icy desert, there was nothing to sustain him but the sighs of an abandoned family—and also the sighs of a financial backer, whose pocketbook wept the loss of money thrown away on a polar expedition that did not bring sufficient publicity.

But what about planning? How can one make a discovery according to a plan? Is it possible to formulate such a project: 'Next year we shall discover eight islands, the year after that twenty islands, and, two years later, the North Pole'? Keep your laughter for some other time, dear humorist. What you have just said, 'the islands and the North Pole,' proves once more that you think of a discovery as a sort of adventure story.

An energetic young man goes to a foreign country—forget the name of the country and any projects for its development, for this would immediately change the subject and distract our attention from the essen-

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tial point, the destiny of the energetic young man. After he has encountered many adventures, in the course of which more than one native (pay no attention to the natives—let's go on, let's go on), is laid low with his skull split open, he finds some gold in a cavern, quite by chance (maybe diamonds, or furs, or anything you wish so long as it's expensive). He may even discover the islands, in which case an element of glory appears, for the islands will be named after him. He may even discover the North Pole, especially if he is to get a reward from some senile millionaire, the protector of another man's courage.

What next? The young man returns to his native land and rewards himself with a villa, a yacht, and a wife. That's all. And what he has failed to discover is lost in the fog of the reader's indifference.

In our country, the Pole does not hold a central position. It is merely a detail. An entire floating continent, expanding and contracting like an amœba, a continent that is a white spot on the map, emerges before us—a gigantic and complete problem that must be solved. Neither the solo penetration of a single climber nor the successful attack of a whole squadron can conquer this fortress. It must be taken by siege: that siege is the plan. And the men who lay the siege must have a special kind of endurance, the endurance that the entire world calls Bolshevist endurance.

My story deals with one of these men. After crossing the square in front of the Moscow railroad station, one walks along a quiet street. One side is lined with wooden houses two stories high, surrounded by a wall. Three years ago and five hundred years ago this street looked the same as it does to-day. On the other side, modernistic buildings display their simple, regular lines and long horizontal windows suggestive of Berlin. This is the Moscow of to-morrow. We enter a room in one of these new houses. It is warm here, although the photographs that are laid out to dry on the tables, the couches, and the suitcases exhibit icebergs, polar dogs ploughing through snow, and the face of a man with white teeth and black glasses, whose frost-bitten features peer out from under the fur.

The room is more crowded than a train compartment, for it is filled with boxes piled one on top of the other, so that the mistress of the house has to climb three steps to open a ventilator.

'Excuse this disorder,' the man with the white teeth says. 'These are the trunks from my polar household, which have not yet been unpacked.'

This man has a soft voice, attentive eyes, and a fine, white skin. He is Ushakov, the explorer. American newspaper headlines would have named him 'The Champion of the White Spot.' For three years he was in command of Wrangel Island. He studied it thoroughly and made it livable for the Eskimos. Three years he was in change of Novoya Zemlya,

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where, all by himself, he formed twenty-five per cent of the population of this mysterious land.

Ushakov and his comrades were commissioned to trace the contours of this island on the map. The two-thousand kilometres of its shoreline were set down in two years, eight months of which were spent in complete darkness. The polar night is terrible for human nerves. It is like four months of constant insomnia. Ushakov and his comrades covered seven thousand kilometres. There were days when the dogs ran a hundred and twenty kilometres without stopping along the dazzling, immaculate snow; there were other days when they traveled two kilometres in twenty-four hours, the men digging a tunnel with their knees in the mush of spring snow. Sometimes they were lost in a forest of icebergs, and there were days when a sudden storm would drag the explorer's tent along the narrow surface of the glacier, trying desperately to toss it into the precipice.

No footsteps are heard in the Moscow room. Everything is nice and quiet. The bear skins lie thick and heavy, and there are two stuffed bears that look like toys.

Four men killed five hundred bears in two years. They did not kill them for profit but for vitamins, for the bear's blood and skin, cut in fine strips, is better than lemon in preventing scurvy. Delegates from the 'White Spot' came to the Moscow room in ever-increasing numbers. While hanging up the bear skins, they dropped a mammoth's spiral-shaped tusk with a terrible crash behind the bureau. It is on slabs cut out of these tusks that the Eskimos carve remarkable inlaid work, later making them into boxes. These slabs, which are polished to perfect whiteness and fitted into pieces of bamboo from the tropics, form the mah-jongg dominoes that are made in China. Then, with no less noise, the tusk is followed by something resembling a plough made of bone. Two daggers project from the central bone. It is a sea lion's snout, which is so hard that no bullets can penetrate it.

'WHAT do you mean when you say difficult polar conditions?' I asked Ushakov. He reflected for a minute. 'It is hard to say. Maybe there are no extraordinary difficulties, and yet it is very painful when one does n't cut one's beard on time. It freezes stiff and then you feel like pulling it out with the flesh. It is also very disagreeable to be thirsty and have no oil to light the stove, for the only thing you can drink out there is melted snow. And it is rather unpleasant to get out of one's sleeping bag in the morning. We sleep in our underwear. And we have become so accustomed to it that in the spring, during our last campaign along the southwest coast of the island, when we had to climb through the snow, soaked with sweat and with water from the melting ice, we

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undressed completely in the evening before getting into our sleeping bags—wrung out our clothes and put them on, still damp, before going to sleep.'

'How about the bag?'

'We protect it from dampness by a waterproof covering. If the sleeping bag gets wet, then real trouble begins.'

'But it's warmer in the spring, is n't it?'

'The highest temperature during the summer is about forty degrees. It is also difficult when one finds the road blocked by a mountain of icicles. One has to climb over it, just as though one were climbing over an apartment house using the windows and the rain pipes. And so one climbs, dragging one's baggage, sledge, and dogs.

'Actually, all these difficulties are not so terrible. It is much worse to remain idle during the polar night when the day is as dark as the night and is merely an interruption in the nocturnal insomnia. It is then that the men must be especially careful not to let themselves go to pieces. They must remember to make their beds, to sit down to the table at the appointed hour, to talk, but not to talk intimately. This is particularly important. It is hard, too, when the wireless gets out of order, for what a joy it is to speak with one's folks at home. Hearing is strangely sharpened during the night. One winter a comrade said to us, after speaking with his wife over the wireless, "I don't like my wife's voice. I am afraid she may be ill."

'It was night already. A radiogramme came for another man. "Children sick. Typhoid fever. No hope."

'I put the telegramme in my pocket. I could n't tell such news to a father, just before the night of winter. It would have made our hibernation a madhouse. The father missed his children. He often dreamt of them and liked to talk about them at the table. The telegramme remained in my pocket.

'But then the other comrade, who knew I had this telegramme, suddenly imagined that something had happened to his wife and that I had bad news for him, too. He tortured me with his begging not to hide anything from him. His fears became a certainty, a certainty of delirious reality. He implored me to read the telegramme to him and promised to bear it with courage. One day I completely lost patience and said, "I have no telegramme. I say this as a true Bolshevist. If I lie, you may spit in my face. If I am telling the truth, give me your hand and stop questioning me." He stretched out his hand.

'One may convince a man, but one cannot always convince a dog. I had a lazy dog called Mazepa. One day, in the course of a voyage, he went on strike. He lay down, and the whole team stopped with him. When we called him, he made no response. When I beat him with a cane,

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he whined and hid under the sleds. I tried to make him come out by prodding him, but he rolled up in a ball. His disobedience angered me. I had to maintain discipline. I had to make him growl and crawl on his belly. I took out my knife, seized the dog by one ear, and cut it off. He did n't make a sound or a single movement. I was vanquished. We left without him. Thirteen days later he came back to the place where we were hibernating, and since then I have not had a more obedient or zealous dog.

'Once only was I unable to convince the men. It happened on Wrangel Island. While hunting with the Eskimos, I fell into the water, caught cold, and a serious kidney inflammation kept me in bed for three months. While I was sick, the Eskimos refused to go hunting, and consequently they all caught scurvy. I called them to my bedside and ordered them to go hunting in order to get vitamins from bear meat. They persisted in their refusal.

'I asked them, "What are you afraid of?"

'"We're afraid of the Devil," they replied.

'"And why are n't you afraid to go with me?"

'"We'll always go with you. You are a Bolshevist, and the Devil is afraid of the Bolshevists."'

I ENTERED Ushakov's life from the side where the wind was blowing. Looking through reversed binoculars, I follow the trend of his story and see a Cossack village on the Amur River and a curious, eager boy, who, when he has learned how to read, runs home to work. But on a certain holiday the boy steals a horse and some papers and runs away to the schoolmaster, who draws up a petition to have him entered in the high school. When the family receive the examination permit and see the stamped paper and the signatures, they mistake the permission for a command and equip the child without further discussion. But the doors of the school are closed to the country boy. It is a city school, which the Tsarist régime founded for the children of 'second-category' people.

The Revolution arranged matters very justly. The little Cossack has time to do no more than graduate. The next school he attends is the Primori detachment fighting Kolchak. Then follows work in the Party itself. The little boy is now an adult worker in a village on the Pacific coast. The purification of the country is over; it is free from the claws that tried to seize it. The English flag is swept into the sea by the natives of Wrangel Island. Some one must go to the island and take it in hand. That someone is Ushakov. Three years on Wrangel Island and then, without even a year in Moscow, the northland.

I entered Ushakov's life from the side where the wind was blowing,

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and I can already see the 'White Spot' melting under his systematic and pitiless efforts.

Poland's Henry Wallace

By Rudolf Herrnstadt

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

It becomes imperative to make the name of Poniatowski known to the world, though it is not necessary to describe the bearer of this name to the Polish public since he is attracting more attention every month.

Julius Poniatowski is not descended from the nobility but from the collateral line of an old Polish family. A peasant leader by birth and inclination, he already occupied the post of Minister of Agriculture in the Cabinet for National Defense that controlled Poland's destiny during the Polish-Soviet War of 1920. Later he became a deputy in the radical, small-peasants' party known as Wyswolenie but withdrew from politics after the coup d'état of 1926. For the next eight years, until the summer of 1934, he was in charge of the huge agricultural institute of Krzemieniec and all its affiliated technical schools, though he never thrust his own personality forward. Last summer he acceded to the wishes of the Polish President and returned to the Ministry of Agriculture, making his acceptance conditional on certain policies, which had been discussed for a number of months. Since that time the fact that Poniatowski belongs to the Government has been one of its most valuable assets.

It is inevitable that in an agrarian country like Poland the Ministry of Agriculture should possess central importance, especially now that the collapse of agriculture has become the most serious economic, political, and military problem of the hour. Poniatowski stands out from the other Ministers. Not only his office but his personality dominate them, and his exceptional charm gains support from an increasing number of his colleagues, collaborators, and the general public.

His youthful head, which has turned gray, and his deeply lined ascetic features surmount a youthful body. He wears a shabby, modest old suit with a cravat that is not tied according to the dictates of fashion. He has spent so much of his life outside the society of men in high places that he looks like an orphan among society folk when he sits on the ministerial bench. He follows the speeches of the deputies with the quiet wide-eyed attention that is the essence of his character. When he speaks to his colleagues, he seems to be excusing himself for his unconventional existence. For their part they give visible evidence of a feeling of restraint in spite of their worldliness. Meanwhile, he exerts a magnetic influence.

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His appearance has brought forth curious results. In the Ministry of Agriculture, which has witnessed a constant struggle between the big landowners and the small peasants for more than ten years, a single-hearted enthusiastic affection for the chief prevails. The officials speak of him in low respectful tones as of a beloved woman. In Parliament all controversy is outlawed from his special field. When the question arose why the Ukrainians did not launch their traditional fulminations against the budget of the Ministry of Agriculture, one of their deputies explained with embarrassment, 'Poniatowski might have thought we had something against him, and we could not let that happen. You don't know how fairly he treated our young people in Krzemieniec.'

The press expressed an attitude of mingled affection and embarrassment. When Poniatowski took his present post, one of the Warsaw newspapers printed his picture. Since it feared offending its readers if it showed a Minister who did not possess a bare minimum of elegance and since Poniatowski lacked this minimum, the paper permitted itself the well-meaning deception of setting Poniatowski's head on the well-dressed body of Jedrzejewicz, the Minister of Religious and Public Education. But it earned no praise for this well-meaning act of courtesy. Jedrzejewicz did not protest that Poniatowski's head had been substituted for his own, but Poniatowski protested that he was shown wearing Jedrzejewicz's clothes.

A few days ago Poniatowski turned Parliament into a setting for the kind of political music that he has been playing for years. He spoke for an hour about the condition of Polish agriculture, and for an hour the crowded house listened to him breathless. His speech was followed by applause from all parties in spite of their innumerable differences. Public discussion of what he had to say has not yet ceased.

The picture that Poniatowski drew was, of course, designed to arouse the interest of the deputies and of the Polish public. He explained that the past year had brought no improvement to Polish agriculture, on which two-thirds of the Polish population depends. On the contrary, the Polish villages were becoming rapidly more impoverished. Since agriculture affects all of Polish economy, the Polish economic system will not regain its balance until Polish agriculture has itself been restored.

Poniatowski accompanied his observations with figures that spoke for themselves. He explained that even in 1929, the best year, agriculture's share in the national income amounted to only 46 per cent although the agricultural population embraced 65 per cent of the entire country. Between 1929 and 1934 consumption in general fell 19 per cent, but consumption in urban centres fell 18 per cent whereas consumption in rural districts fell 46 per cent. Going into further details, he showed that consumption of industrial products by agricultural workers and

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small peasants had sunk 53 per cent between 1929 and 1934. The gross income from a hectare of land averaged 330 zlotys in 1928 and fell to 138 zlotys in 1933. The total income of the Polish agricultural population fell from 4,170 millions in 1929 to 1,540 millions in 1934. Moreover, exports of agricultural products had fallen by two-thirds.

Poniatowski's remarks about the household budget of a typical family of small peasants, the type of family that is much the most common in Poland, made the deepest impression. The Minister explained that in 1929 a city worker's family of four spent an average of 265 zlotys a month, whereas a poor peasant's family of four spent only 175 zlotys. At present, a worker's family of four spends an average of 135 zlotys a month, and a poor peasant's family between 80 and 90 zlotys a month. The yearly expenditure on clothes, washing, and shoes came to 124 zlotys in 1928 for the peasant's family and in 1933 had fallen to 64 zlotys. The yearly expenditures on alcohol and tobacco came to 20 zlotys in 1928 and to only 7½ in 1933. But the most alarming single figure of all showed that the sale of agricultural machinery in 1934 amounted to only 11 per cent of the 1928 figure.

What conclusions does Poniatowski draw from these figures? He maintains that Poland has too many workers, and they represent a form of capital that should never be wasted. It is senseless to wait for better times. What is much more to the point is that the great liquidation of agricultural debt that is being carried out under his leadership must be followed by big investments in a more intensive Polish agriculture. Production must be specialized, and superior products that are in greater demand must be grown. All agricultural organizations must bring their influence to bear on the farmers and make them understand the necessity of growing new products. Tariffs and taxes must be eased. Only through such intensive silent work will it be possible to narrow the gap between the prices of agricultural and industrial products and thus restore to Polish agriculture that power of life that the whole Polish State so imperatively requires.

Why Schmeling Won

Max Schmeling has returned to the only correct position. His example has shown the youth of Germany what real German boxing is. This style of fighting has proved its superiority to any other technique on this side of the Atlantic or the other. Two factors must therefore be decisive and serve as guides to the future of boxing in Germany—blood and race. We now see in the new yet old Schmeling a representative of a German way of boxing that is cool, hard, and brave. In sport, too, the watchword of old Marshal Blücher, 'Forward!' must be inscribed on the banners of the new Germany.

—Boxing editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Berlin

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Here are first-hand reports from Europe's rival capitals—Black Berlin and Red Moscow. A humorous French visitor tells what two years of Hitler have done to the one, and a Russian describes the everyday life of the other.

Tales *from* Two Cities

STUDIES IN
BLACK AND RED

I. BERLIN, 1935

By ALEXANDRE ARNOUX

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Topical Weekly

THIS Berlin—which was so nervous three or four years ago, so given over to night life, to bright lights that shed numberless blinding colors in every direction, which had such an insatiable appetite for pleasure, bold spectacles, new films, sumptuous, often baroque theatrical productions; this Berlin in which tastes and habits changed so quickly, which was full of dancehalls, nudist exhibitions, and agitation lasting until dawn—has become terribly strait-laced. Wagner and Shakespeare are being performed, Scribe and Jacques Deval. The cinemas are showing American films that we saw in Paris last season. The native output is feeble and without originality, except, I am told, for *Peer Gynt*, which I did not have the time to see. A certain anæmia, a certain torpor has seized the motion-picture world, which used to be so excited and agitated when I knew it before.

The cabarets that dotted the streets near the Scala and the Friedrichstrasse with their suggestive billboards and their doormen dressed in the uniforms of field marshals used to

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attract the passer-by by promising him incomparable delights. Now, however, performances of frenzied sexuality, dancehalls with women in bathing suits or with telephones between the tables have yielded place to more respectable diversions. The *Fer à cheval* and the *Sankt Pauli*, both borrowed from Hamburg,—the former with its horses on which one can ride between a *paso doble* and a tango, the latter with its excellent accordion players, who have the faces of North Sea sailors,—have become the typical nightclubs of the present time and preserve picturesque traditions. The old *Eldorado*, and the *Flute enchantée*, and all those strange paradises of perverts have vanished. National Socialism has not permitted any of them to survive. Four years ago Paris cut a poor figure compared with Berlin. It looked like a peaceful provincial village, in which one went to bed early, economized on candles, and preserved a kind of placidity as well as artistic conservatism, moral rigor, and modesty. Now the wheel has turned. The situation is reversed: all that Paris has gained in audacity, trepidation, bright lights, and night life Berlin has lost.

There is less vivacity and variety in the people one sees. The average face is more nordic and lax. It does not reflect such sudden emotions. It does not reveal any feeling. Is this because there are fewer Israelites or because they no longer haunt the public places and have gone a little underground until the storm and persecution subside? (The principal ones among them have quietly rallied to the régime, which promises to protect them and to forget its rigorous racial doctrines.) Or is it that a silent, constant fear of being denounced, a state of terror that is inevitable when any empire begins, wiped out all expression and taught everybody to wear the same mask, to concentrate on himself, and not to take notice of anything external?

II

I made all my old rounds and discovered less virulence, character, excitement, and activity on the Kurfürstendamm, the centre of elegance. There are fewer billboards, peddlers, and street singers on the Alexanderplatz, which is the working-class centre. In the old days street fights occurred there every evening between the Nazis and the Communists. Machine guns went off of their own accord in the shadow of the elevated railway and the tall yellow and green buildings. Sidewalk prostitutes, whose advances went beyond the bounds of decency, have become less common everywhere and are now less numerous than in the average capital. Those poor timid girls, who were driven by hunger to a profession that obviously was not suited to them, have disappeared. So have the beggars and the men dressed in perfectly tailored but somewhat worn suits who used to accost you every ten yards. This evening I did not meet one on the same street where they almost mobbed me in 1932. Their equivalents in Paris solicit you more frequently.

What has become of these poor, shameful people? Has their poverty diminished? I am told that it has not. In any case, it does not appear so much; it is not written in such eloquent characters. A few felt hats, a few well-cut overcoats, a few awkward gestures among the snow shovelers

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still bear witness to the decline of the middle class; but they no longer hold out their hands.

Racial dogma dominates all minds. Perhaps Germany, a country without frontiers, a happy hunting ground of racial mixtures, needs to defend itself more than any other nation. Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, an expurgated edition of which has been prepared by the dictator himself, still receives as much attention as ever in the schools and is penetrating the minds of a whole generation of adolescents. As everyone knows, this book accuses France of being on the road to decadence and 'negrification.' A great many young Germans are convinced that we are a mulatto nation. The photographs of Laval that all the newspapers publish fortify this impression. He has a rather dark skin, and his brilliant white cravat emphasizes his color. Already, I am assured, National-Socialist urchins are proclaiming that our Foreign Minister is of mixed blood.

Every month in the schools a doctor examines the pupils. When he sees a pronounced Aryan type, he makes scientific measurements of the subject, and, if they are favorable and reveal no defects, no departure from the proportions laid down by the sacred canons, he reports to the proper authorities, to one of the numerous commissions that control the life, the food, the love, the games, and the intellectual activities of the Reich. A delegate seeks out the happy mother. If she agrees to procreate with the same man and produces a son of the same kind, he will become the ward of the city of Berlin, brought up at its expense, nursed, cared for, made into an example, and given an honorable position when he comes of age. There is no denying that this offer of procreation is a very tempting one.

But why does n't the city adopt the boy who is already born and indisputably possesses the necessary qualities? That is useless since he exists and will continue to do so whether or not the city adopts him. Far-seeing Germany is thinking of something else.

III

A man named Müller, who served as secretary on various committees, an ardent, pure, faithful zealot, a strict believer in Nazi doctrines, had an automobile accident. A blood transfusion was necessary. Of all the volunteers who presented themselves offering the precious liquid only one fulfilled the indispensable conditions for a successful operation. Müller was restored to health, but what confusion resulted when it was discovered that the man who saved him was a Jew.

From then on Müller took no more pleasure in living. He was half Israelite, contaminated, unworthy to serve the German religion. As a result of this anxiety and this suspicion, he felt arising in him irony, doubts, pessimism, a tendency to heresy. Vainly he attempted to resume his life, but Israel was in him. He sought out the presidents of the various committees to which he belonged and offered his resignation on grounds of conscience. But not one of them was willing to release such an efficient collaborator merely because of a few ounces of blood. One of them, who knew most about the case, consoled Müller and promised to consult the pontiffs. He started a special investigation and hoped that he would be able to ar-

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range everything. After eight days he sent for Müller. 'Withdraw your resignation and have confidence,' he said. 'I bring you good news. You remain intact, my good comrade. Your organism has not suffered the slightest contamination. The man who gave you blood is an ex-soldier.'

The German of to-day lives surrounded by a Chinese wall. Information from the outer world arrives through a filter. The news in the press is extremely monotonous. People distrust everyone around them, their servants, the members of the same National-Socialist groups, everybody. Nevertheless, rumors spread with magic speed as in the African jungle. Every time two men meet at a street corner and whisper a few words into each other's ears, an invisible newspaper has been founded and attains an infinite circulation. Many anecdotes run through the streets. Here are a few of them.

Birnbaum has a toothache. He is seated in the dentist's chair. 'Open your mouth,' the dentist orders. 'What's the matter, Mr. Birnbaum? Are you afraid? How do you expect me to look out for your molars if you don't show them to me? Come on, open your mouth. What are you waiting for?'

'Ah, Doctor,' the patient replies, 'it is because for such a long time I have lost the habit.'

A certain song is making a hit in the *Catacombs*, a very fashionable cabaret. Moreover, the censorship has not weighed quite so heavily in recent months. It permits a few discreet pinpricks, a few critical allusions to present conditions. A young woman with an innocent air murmurs a song whose refrain is, 'I know nothing, nothing.' At each chorus the audience bursts into applause.

Hitler sends for Jacob and questions him arrogantly. 'I am informed, and don't deny it, that you are seen on every street corner spreading the most insolent rumors, the most outrageous lies. You are the man who is spreading words that I never said, who is publishing news that should remain secret. Will you deny that you declared such and such a thing and whispered something else in a hundred different ears? Will you deny it?'

Jacob lowers his head and does not reply.

'Don't you know,' continues the Führer, 'that my power has no limits, that I reign in the hearts of sixty million Germans?'

'Oh, Führer,' cries Jacob excitedly, 'I swear to you I did not start that rumor.'

IV

Outside the celebrated Wintergarten music-hall a man is selling lottery tickets. He is a new type in Berlin, and he appears everywhere in the streets, the restaurants, between the acts in the theatre. Over his thin civilian clothes he wears a long beige cape with a rose-colored collar, and his hat combines the same colors. He offers a box full of yellow envelopes that he is selling officially for the benefit of the Winter Aid. He has a respectable air, and his industriousness provides a good example. Moreover, people who take stock in what is said of them prefer to buy his merchandise in frequented places, where their acquaintances will notice their virtue and certify to their patriotism and loyalty. The seller knows this and chooses his post accordingly.

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At midnight the good fellow is not doing much business. Few people are abroad at this hour. The cold is a good excuse not to take one's hand from one's pocket, especially in a country and at a time when collectors are harassing every citizen. One walks quickly. No one looks at anybody else. The darkness encourages egotism. Where are those beautiful noonday hours on the Unter den Linden, before the Bristol or Koenig Café, or those evenings at the door of the Hausvaterland? Then men walked about distributing fortunes. The opening of each envelope was a little drama that aroused the excitement of the crowd. This evening, however, the scene is deserted.

I approach the seller. I try my luck; I pay my fifty pfennigs. I make my choice. It is a double envelope, carefully sealed. I open it. My ticket bears this message, 'Number 812,391 wins nothing.' The seller will not give me even the five marks that he himself at once hands over to the lucky people who make a small winning. I shall not go to the bank to receive the thousand marks that falls to the big winners. Here is a curious lottery, in which you at once learn what you have gained, a lottery in which you do not buy along with your ticket even a month or two of hope or castles in Spain between the time of purchase and the disbursement of the prizes. I feel that I have been robbed, cheated. The Friedrichstrasse, the cold, bleak waters of the River Spree have lost all their charm. I leave my merchant of instant disillusionment, my good fellow dressed in beige and rose, under the falling snow, looking like a great fruit covered with whipped cream.

There is one character who owes a great deal of splendor to the Third Reich. He is the janitor. In the time of Wilhelm or the Weimar Republic he never attained the importance of his Parisian equivalent, the concierge, although he was imposing and decorative enough in appearance. Confined to his apartment, which was not even called a *loge* but which deserved a more sumptuous title, he hardly ever made an appearance. Moreover, he did not press the button that unlocked the door. He did not distribute the mail because each individual had his own letterbox. He did not tell visitors the floor because every door had its own copper number.

To-day how many compensations he has for his previous obscurity. Cross the threshold of any spacious, comfortable dwelling place, and a scene at once unfolds that looks like a business office, the headquarters of some industry. Official notices proclaim that flags are to be hung out spontaneously on certain days. They announce one-course-dinner days, visits by members of the Winter Aid committee, safety drills, retreats to neighboring cellars, protective manœuvres in case of bombardment by enemy airplanes. Notices are posted that attics will be searched for inflammable material and that measures must be taken to ensure their rapid disappearance. Days are fixed for collections, or for one of those investigations that the Berlin population, with all its patience, is beginning to find excessive.

The janitor gathers all these papers, which are covered with seals and signatures. He encourages the orders to be executed properly and repeats the threats that they contain. He is the chief agent of the executive power,

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the eye of the government. Woe to the man who does not obey orders, who does not hang out the flag at the appointed hour, who does not hear the bell ring when the investigators come, who eats sauté of chicken the second Sunday in the month, or who stays in bed when he is supposed to be underground. The ancient Cerberus, conscientious, majestic, polished, dominating, is the vigilant guardian of the doctrine and of the exterior and interior marks of respect that the house owes to the empire.

In return he enjoys consideration and a kind of glory that radiates for about a block and extends over the streets and gardens within that area. He is also given some kind of position in the group to which he is assigned, and on certain days he wears a uniform, to which new stripes are added from time to time. He is admitted to the ranks of the Honor Service, which means that he is occasionally authorized to sweep the stairs or clean the automobile of one of the best-known and popular leaders. He returns almost intoxicated with himself. Every hour adds to his modest triumph and his uncontested authority. He is the pillar of the Government.

'Sir,' a German said to me without irony, 'I was not won over to Hitlerism at once. I did not know whether it really represented Germanic grandeur. To-day I have no doubts. Look here: the richest Israelites are slowly rallying to its support provided they are treated kindly and provided the persecution has reached an end. The priests no longer dare to fight it, and I do not wish to believe, as certain wagging tongues assert, that they are motivated only by a fear of separation of Church and State in the French fashion, which would cost the clergy, especially the higher clergy, many fine privileges. Finally, the Government rests on the janitors, who administer every apartment and do not let any heretical dust enter. They carefully drive out all opposition, even the most carefully concealed. When a Government has the support of the bishops, the Jews, and the janitors, it has no fissures. It has attained perfect indestructibility.'

II. Moscow, 1935

By Lev Kassil

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

'WHO is there?' The voice behind the door sounds like a note off beat.

We enter. 'Are you the people who advertised a rocking-chair and a clock for sale?'

'Please come in.'

We move forward with imperative, sly, suspicious faces, such as become bargain-hunters. Our host leads us into the obscure depths of the apartment and opens the door into a foreign, unfamiliar life that is revealed in its everyday, unwashed aspects. The rocking-chair and the enormous grandfather clock are enthroned amidst the junk of a dark, crowded room—polished, and brightened, and looking like brides awaiting their bridegrooms. While we examine the articles for sale and haggle over the

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price, the conversation begins: 'Where do these objects come from? Why are they being sold? How are things in general?' And, after we have asked about the price and frowned anxiously, promising to think it over, we depart with apologies on our lips. For we do not need this cumbersome rocking-chair, the seat of sleeping-sickness and seasickness, and we have no place for this fantastic clock, this vertical sarcophagus, in which a heavy weight swings back and forth like a discus in the hand of the thrower. The rocking-chair and the clock were keys that opened another man's door.

During two months we made forty-two such visits, shamelessly entering unfamiliar apartments with the firm determination to buy nothing whatever.

Who of you has not desired to peer into another man's windows, to spy on another man in his daily round, to catch him unawares? For a writer or a journalist this desire is essential and strictly professional. The bargain-hunter is sociable. Nothing can be hidden from him, and, when he sets forth, he leaves all shame behind. Furthermore, he immediately establishes a kind of businesslike reciprocity, and all sorts of details crop up easily and spontaneously. In order to appear quite innocuous and reliable I did not travel alone. My companion, who had a housewifely air, thoroughly impressed the victims of our curiosity. Newspaper advertisements in the 'For-Sale' columns and hand-written notices hung on pillars at trolley-car stops served as guide-posts in our search for the usual.

Not all our visits were successful. Communicative folk did not dwell behind every door. Five calls bore no fruit whatever. We entered dark apartments, the occupants of which pretended not to hear our questions and made vague references to complicated relations with a finance inspector and such people. Sometimes we gathered that the people were preparing to leave their Moscow apartment without consulting the passport bureau. The doors of such establishments did not open so easily. First our hosts would examine us through the peep-hole or the slot for newspapers and magazines, as though they understood who we were. Then we would hear a prison-like lock rattle and chains slide back and forth. Having let us in, our hosts watched every move we made, and the things they had for sale were antediluvian and useless. A clothes-hanger made of deer's antlers, an unbelievable sofa, moth-eaten stuffed birds, a perpetual tortoise-shell calendar, and other wonderful objects. And the people in such apartments were so provincial, in the oldest and worst sense of the word, that they seemed to be living beyond the Arctic circle twenty-five years ago.

But in the great majority of apartments we learned much that was interesting and up-to-date. One advertisement announced that a full dress suit, a cape, and ostrich plumes were for sale in the Tiufelevi Grove. We went there expecting to uncover a nest of ancient Muscovites. The address brought us to a new house, and two gay young fellows, workers in the Stalin Factory, opened the door. They asked us to hurry because they had to go to their evening classes. We thought we had rung the wrong bell, but the full dress suit, the cape, and the ostrich plumes were immediately brought before us.

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'We inherited them,' one young fellow said. 'You see, one of my aunts was a houseworker, a maid, as they used to say in the old days. She worked for a countess twenty-seven years. I suppose the lady left this junk to her, and, now that my aunt is dead, I have it. Heaven knows where I am to put it. I suppose I'll have to send it to some theatre if you don't take it.'

II

In a spic-and-span, tiny apartment on Pirogovski Street, a chest of drawers, a table, and a couch were for sale. A somewhat embarrassed young couple met us. This was apparently the first family scene. The vast unwieldiness of the chest of drawers, the couch, and the table amazed us, and the young husband looked at them with obvious hatred. While we bargained over the price and talked about the cost and quality of old workmanship, it appeared that these two young people had just entered upon their life of connubial bliss. Each had given up a room in different sections of the city in exchange for this larger one, but misfortune had followed. The young bride's relatives decided to bless her with a dowry, a collection of horrors that crushed the young people's honeymoon like so many hippopotamuses. They made their way into the newly decorated room like soldiers, and the horrified young husband quickly reduced the original price as he told his story.

'Lord knows what we need this stuff for. We could have bought ourselves a few nice pieces of furniture, but these things—good Heavens, they're like tanks! Oh, no, no,' he interrupted himself, 'the quality, of course, is excellent, and the workmanship you know . . . well, you just can't find workmanship like this nowadays.'

We had to cut our conversation short because the young couple were hurrying to Nemirovich-Danchenko's theatre to see *Traviata*. At the door the young husband asked me with a sigh, 'Do you suppose a second-hand agency would take it?'

The advertisement of a leather coat brought us to Karmanitski Alley, where we entered an apartment that smelled of cheap perfume and pomade. The mistress of the house was not at home, and two of her coquettish co-inhabitants did not dare set the price in her absence. Furthermore, they condemned her decision to sell such wonderful leather.

'She's always chasing after the latest styles,' they said. 'You could wear this leather forever without wearing it out.'

At this point the mistress of the house, a worker in the Dynamo Factory, who was no longer young, walked in. 'In 1920 it was fashionable to wear leather,' she said, 'but now it is time for a woman to dress more stylishly. I've just ordered a winter coat, and I'm going to have it trimmed with seal.'

A fur coat was on sale in a new house at the corner of Starokoniushennovo. The host, an engineer, turned out to be a wonderfully sociable and communicative man. We had n't been in the apartment five minutes before he took us around and showed us his new lodgings, which were small but had all the latest technical developments. He showed us the kitchen, dragged us to the bathroom, made us sit down on the new furniture and feel

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the walls, which were covered with some special kind of paint. He was selling his fur coat because he did n't have quite enough money for some more special paint for the ceiling. When I tried on the coat, I deliberately showed no surprise at the fantastic price he asked. All at once our host became very sad. He started to assure me that the fur coat was too small, unbecoming, that I would do better by having one made to order. I purposely did n't give up and said that I would take the coat to-morrow. It ended with the engineer saying in great embarrassment, 'No, really, it just does n't fit you. And, besides, I hate to sell it. It's such a good coat. I think I can manage somehow and get the paint some other way. Please excuse me, but I don't want to sell it to you.'

Different lives have different smells. We became so skilled that our sense of smell told us what kind of life lay behind each door. On Pokrofka a divan was for sale. No sooner the door opened than a complex life-smell enveloped us. The odor of some kind of medicine tickled our noses, we caught a whiff of the coquettish 'L'Origan,' there was a powerful smell of cats, fried onions, and, suddenly, coming from Heaven knows where, a breeze laden with naphthalene and camphor. But from this hodgepodge one smell stood out: gun powder. Apparently the apartments in this house were in a state of war. An ancient vendetta had grown from generation to generation and extended from corridor to corridor, from the front door to the back. Unkind faces peered out, doors banged, cats and dogs miaowed and barked. After we had examined the divan and started for the door, an old woman suddenly jumped out from no one knew where and whispered to us, 'The whole place is alive with bedbugs. Those people live like swine. I hope you're not thinking of buying it.'

'Who asked your advice?' the owner of the divan roared.

Leaving the house with all due speed, we anxiously examined the windows. They looked extraordinarily calm. Appearances are often deceptive.

In Malo-Tichinski Alley a harmonium, a balalaika, and a guitar were for sale. The owner was a one-legged, extremely agile man with a meditative and extraordinarily attentive face. He took up the harmonium and played an aria from *Rigoletto* and Budenny's March. Pushing aside the harmonium he grabbed the balalaika and strummed 'The Moon Shines.' Obviously, he was musical.

'I don't mind giving up the balalaika,' he chattered. 'I have many to spare. I have shown considerable musical talent ever since I was a small boy. I taught myself. And now I am going to get a piano—for my own amusement, you know, and the children may as well learn. I just got a premium at the factory,—the clock factory,—but I still need a few more rubles. So I am selling all this junk, and the piano is going to stand against this wall, you see. I may have to move the bookshelf a little bit, but that's all right. We'll get it in.'

III

Thus we made forty-two prying visits. Five yielded little of interest. And we were quite sincere each time we rapidly mumbled the phrase,

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'This does n't suit us.' Of the other thirty-seven calls, only six brought us in contact with misfortune, complicated situations necessitating the sale of property. In all the other apartments people were simply getting rid of useless things, reconstructing their lives according to a new plan, throwing away the remnants of the past, firmly convinced that on the next day new and more necessary objects would fill the empty space. It was often a gay affair, which vividly revealed the new attitude of the contemporary Soviet citizen toward old things. In Goncharni Alley someone wanted to sell a samovar because the workers' apartments had just been equipped with gas. On Mashkovi Street, not far from the public baths, a bookkeeper was getting rid of an old radio set in the firm hope that to-morrow he would have one of the newest models. Somewhere else a fur coat was being sold because its owner, a technician in Murmansk, decided on a change of climate and latitude and had got a job in Baku.

On Sadovo-Triumfalni an aquarium was for sale. A small tragedy was connected with this event, for the young owner had become so busy in school as a shock-brigade worker that he neglected the aquarium, and all the fish had died. Here, too, I was nearly found out. When the little boy saw me, he exclaimed joyfully, 'I know you. You once read a story in our school.' My companion was almost ready to run away. But the whole thing ended quite happily, although I had to buy the aquarium, which I now offer for sale—taking advantage of this article—at a very modest price.

We opened forty-two doors into the daily lives of our fellow citizens. Sometimes we found garbage strewn about. Not all the apartments were well ventilated, and we even found people living in new houses in the old, swine-like manner. But what a self-assured, broad, fearless, and growing life opened before us—even through a letter-slot, even through the little hole that remained in the newspaper after we had clipped the advertisement.

At the Writer's Congress a prominent European writer asked a young Soviet author, 'Tell me what you consider the fundamental point in the psychology of the new Soviet man.'

The Soviet writer replied, 'The assurance that life to-morrow will be even better than to-day.'

The Right Honourable Sir Joseph Stalin, K.C.B.

Stalin, who is desperately hard worked, has a habit of always getting to business at once. He stands out among 'dictators' as above all else practical, businesslike, and 'rich in saving common sense.' Said one of his closest friends to me to-day: 'Stalin is the most English of us all.'

—W. N. Ewer, diplomatic correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, writing from Moscow

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One of England's foremost young poets, whose name is bracketed with Spender's and Auden's, tells a radio audience about his hopes for the future of his art.

The Revolution *in* Literature

By C. Day Lewis

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

Curiosity is, I suppose, the most dangerous and the most vital of all human virtues. Whatever it did to the cat, it has undoubtedly saved mankind from extinction time and again. To-night I am going to be inquisitive about the future of literature. And let us at the start get it out of our heads that life and letters are two separate worlds; that literature is something dead, like the moon, visible only because of the sun's rays, a kind of vanity glass for life. The relation between the two is a much more active one. Life is like Proteus, constantly and bewilderingly changing shape. Literature wrestles with this Proteus till it has him pinned down in a final true form and so compels him to tell his secret. Then, of course, Proteus gets up, and it all begins over again. One has no chance of anticipating the next form that life will take unless one has a firm grasp on its present form. So we cannot make prophecies about literature without considering the ways in which life is influencing it now.

I am going to select three of these influences—politics, psychology, and scientific invention. Politics means—or should mean—the science of living together; and you may say, 'What has this science to do with the writer, scribbling happily away in his garret or his country cottage? He is so used to having the wolf at the door that it has become quite a domestic animal, so why should he care if empires totter and societies decay?' Believe me, the writer is not a hermit crab; nor yet is he living on one of those self-sufficient desert islands where ripe fruit drops into the mouth and time means nothing. It is true that he is in part an individualist. But also, from the very beginning, he has been the spokesman of his fellows. When a social group is

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decaying or inadequate or undergoing the pangs of some vital change, its spokesman is bound to feel an unhappiness and discontent that are additional to anything he may feel as an individual. At this point, where living together has become difficult and painful, the writer turns to the science of living together, to politics. There seems no alternative for him, except he goes mad—which will free him altogether from his responsibilities to society and is a course many sensitive writers have adopted.

It has been said that the prevailing consciousness of this period is a political one. Certainly, writers of my own generation are interested in politics to an extent unequaled among English writers since the French Revolution. They feel that the old structure of society is incapable of dealing satisfactorily with the new developments of life, and they are not convinced that the necessary revolution is the business only of politicians. They have learned a lesson from D. H. Lawrence, too. You remember that after the War Lawrence felt impelled to try to construct a social group around himself. His sense of chaos and isolation drove him to it. But, although he was a great and magnetic man, he failed. We see in this a warning that no social group built round an individual can succeed to-day. The pressure of world events, bearing so heavily upon it, will sooner or later prove too much for the central individual and thus explode the small group.

Younger writers, in consequence, are tending to align themselves more or less consciously with one of the larger world movements based not on the individual but on the masses—with Communism or Fascism. Now, whatever attempts people may make to obscure the issue, these movements are ultimately bound up with a conflict between social classes. So we may make our first prophecy. If and when the division between the interests of these classes grows more acute and obvious, we shall find writers standing more and more definitely on one side or the other. And, as this takes place, a new conception of the function of literature is bound to grow up. It will become more concerned with the relations between masses and less with the relations between individuals; more of a guide to action and less of a commentary on action; more deliberately a partisan in life's struggles. In fact, it will moralize more. I know this idea will be repugnant to many of you, but it is a possibility that must be faced.

In the meanwhile, however, politicians may become aware of this increasing political interest among writers and make attempts to rope them into one of the established parties. After all, big business has found it profitable to employ the pens of ready writers. And literary criticism, once an art, is fast degenerating into an advertising agency. If the political parties seize this opportunity, we may well anticipate a period of pamphleteering. Another Swift, another Junius may arise. And on the political arena rapiers would appear again in place of those ponderous bludgeons, which seldom damage the adversary but are apt to give the spectator a sick headache.

You are protesting, perhaps, that this is all beside the point. Culture is the flower of a nation's life, not a weapon in its quarrels. I know there is a school of thought, centred in Cam-

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bridge, that aims to preserve our national culture by hook or by crook. But think for a moment: scientists can remove the heart or a piece of skin tissue and keep them alive long after the parent body is dead, but the life they will be living is a meaningless one. And I don't feel that a culture artificially preserved from the decay of the social body can have much meaning either.

II

No, for those who deplore an alliance between literature and politics there is only one other choice—psychology. When Sigmund Freud called man's attention to his unconscious, he set moving a process, the results of which may well prove as important as those of the industrial revolution or the discovery of America. Just about the time when Freud was beginning his great work, the writer was beginning to feel the disruption of society and to fall back upon his last stronghold—his own self. Literature became more introspective, concerned with the conflicts inside a man's mind rather than with the conflicts between individuals. It is writers of this type—Rilke, Kafka and Proust on the Continent, Joyce and Eliot in Britain—who are most admired by younger writers to-day. Many of the latter are torn between their political sympathies and their desire to stand up for the unconscious. We find several—W. H. Auden is a case in point—who after a brief incursion into political writing have ranged themselves on the side of psychology. Now Freud, because of the enormous emphasis he lays on the individual, is the real champion of liberalism to-day. And it is quite possible that liberalism, missing and presumed killed on the political battlefield, may be revived by this alliance between literature and psychology.

Then there is another point. The thing about Freud's analysis is that it has altered all the values of the human equation. It has given us a new conception of character. It has thrown a brilliant—and often humiliating—light on our motives. And, above all, it has challenged us to reconstruct our morality on the new foundations it has laid.

Freud, of course, is not much concerned with ethics himself. He looks upon his work as one of the branches of experimental science. What is more, he regards science as the only savior of mankind; religion as the one serious opponent to science; and art as something 'almost always harmless and beneficent' that 'never dares to make any attack on the realms of reality.' It doesn't sound as if he'd be very pleased by my putting literature forward as an ally of psychoanalysis. Yet I venture to assert that writers, steeped in Freud's conclusions, are already through their work beginning the revision of values that those conclusions demand. And I will risk an even bolder conjecture. Freud and his followers have offered man a revolutionary idea of the nature of his own soul. Thus, they have offered him the materials to create a new religion, for it is on a true conception of the nature of the human soul that any civilized religion must be built. If, as many believe, man cannot yet live satisfactorily without religion, then it may well be that from the revelations of this great unbeliever the new religion will spring. If it does, one can be sure of two things. It will be a religion of enlightened love and literature will be

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its handmaid. To tell the truth, literature is never happy for long without a master; it needs a settled background. Even now it is trying to decide which master to serve—the revolutionary mass movement or the liberalism of Freud.

But there is a third factor complicating this decision. Scientific invention is encroaching upon that field once considered the sole property of literature. I personally think this is all to the good. We may hate the present enormous overproduction of print. Most of us, I expect, feel rather like the orphan in the old melodrama, snowed up under a blizzard of paper. But this mass production does enable us to distinguish more easily between serious writing and entertainment writing. The latter is, I believe, already being superseded by scientific invention. After all, entertainment writing appeals either through a startling realism or by taking us into a world totally unreal. But cinema and radio can already do this much better. When television is perfected—and possibly Mr. Aldous Huxley's 'feelies' introduced—they will provide us with an unreality far more unreal or a realism a hundred times more devastating than the most frenzied ambitions of the entertainment writers can rise to. I can even envisage the day when we shall put a book onto a mechanism as now we put on a gramophone record, and the whole thing will be enacted for us. Sitting in our armchairs at home, we shall see and hear and smell the author's characters. But whether this performance could be called 'literature' or our share in it 'reading' are questions quite beyond my reeling imagination.

The point is this. Scientific invention is very soon going to compel literature to decide what its real job is. What can printed words do that can't be done better through other mediums? Well, I think the first position literature will have to give up to her rivals is realism. I'm not going back on what I said at the beginning of this talk. Much as I admire Freud, I don't agree with him that art is something outside the realm of reality. Words are like the ghostly companions of Ulysses—they must drink blood before they can communicate with the living. But realism and reality are two very different things. Realism at its best can only be an inspired catalogue of events; whereas great literature has always raised the tone of reality to an epic pitch. The future of fiction lies, perhaps, in this direction. Already we have in America a novelist, William Faulkner, who can create that kind of supernatural tension amid commonplace events, which is a sign of epic. The Great War has not yet produced its Iliad. But possibly the epics of the future will deal more with the struggle between man and nature; and, remembering the great Russian films, *Earth* and *Turksib*, for instance, one is not sure whether the cinema can't do even this better. One wonders, indeed, if the novel has more than a hundred years or so of life still to live.

III

No, I am inclined to think that it is poetry, oddly enough, that has the best chance of survival—poetry and the fairy-tale, the two simplest forms of literature. Poetry, partly through metaphor but chiefly through rhythm, can penetrate into strata of man's mind that nothing else can touch. The

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fairy-tale, the parable, will survive, I believe, because it is a unique channel of education. Propaganda, sermons, scientific textbooks can influence directly the conscious mind only. Parables and fairy-tales, because they are primitive, because they are universal, because they do not argue or browbeat, can slip past the defenses of our intellect and talk to the deep unconscious levels within us. Cinderella, the Tin Soldier, the Prodigal Son can go into places where there is no admittance for Herr Goebbels or the Board of Education. But both poetry and parable will have to learn how to increase their surface subtlety while retaining their heart of simplicity, for the highly complex mind of modern man demands subtlety in a work of art before it will allow the essentially simple meaning to make its appeal to his emotions.

The future of writing must depend absolutely on the future of society. But probably, whatever social system is coming, literature will be considered more and more as being ultimately—as all thought should be—a guide to living. The temporary estrangement between literature and morality will be ended. In the nearer future I think it likely that literature will divide into two main streams. On the one hand, morality writing—conveyed through fairy-tales, allegory, satire, and perhaps a new kind of semi-religious drama based on the revelations of recent psychologists. On the other hand, a form of writing somewhat akin to music, depending on highly elaborated sounds, intense verbal subtlety, and complex patterns of association. I believe a revolution in literature is now taking place. But I also believe that a revolution in society is incomparably more important, and without it the other would be futile and meaningless. And to those who don't care for that word 'revolution' I would give this nut to crack, a tough one but—I think—a sound one:—

Evolution is the dance, revolutions are the steps.

Britain Surpasses Hitler

'And I love you,' she said. 'But I love England even more.'

'I'll accept that,' he said. 'If you love England, you love me. It is our country. It is a grand thing that you, a woman, love her so much that you could set aside . . .'

'Say no more,' she said.

'I will not, Anna—save this. Lift your head—so! I'm going to kiss you full on the lips. Great woman! Say it after me, "God save the King!"'

'God save the King,' she said and tightened her arms around his neck.

—From a recent British novel, quoted by the *Manchester Evening News*

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BOOKS ABROAD

SENTIMENTS ET COUTUMES. *By André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1935.*

(P. Nizan in *Monde*, Paris)

IN ONE of his dialogues, Plato, wanting to define rhetoric, has someone tell Socrates that it is a kind of 'flattery.' Socrates then says, 'The generic name for this kind of practice seems to me to be flattery. I distinguish several different branches of it, and cooking is one of them.' So is fashion. Later on Socrates also says, 'Using pleasure as a bait, it sets a trap for the folly it abuses and thus gains consideration.'

Bourgeois literature to-day is a kind of flattery, and Mr. André Maurois is one of its masters. One discovers a great deal of sense in the sayings of Socrates when they remind one that M. Maurois, the writer, is a kind of cook or perhaps a great dressmaker of ideas. Strong as these traits are in his novels, they are still stronger in his essays, which he publishes from time to time under ingenious titles. Here is a man who is celebrated in the salons and with society women, a man whose entire art consists of flattering the tastes, the habits, and the weaknesses of the public from which he wants to win sufficient approbation to earn himself handsome royalties and consideration. M. Maurois wants to be loved. He therefore strikes the fine and delicate note. And everybody loves him. Except us.

There is an entire art that wants to give the bourgeois an agreeable image of himself, that tries to provide him with intelligent justifications. It devotes itself to making the bourgeois believe that he has taste, spirit, morals, and ideas that a thinking man can approve. The bourgeois is content with little. He believes that M. Maurois is the man who thinks.

M. Maurois has just put five of his lectures into one volume. They discuss marriage, the family, professions, the city, and happiness. These lectures are remarkable in more than one respect: they contain rather blurred thinking and skillfully polished ideas highly characteristic of a world dominated by politeness. Politeness is the vice of André Maurois. There is nobody to whom the proverb 'too polite to be honest' applies so well. He wants to give pleasure to that world in which one finds nothing but smooth, carefully polished pebbles, never a rough rock. To please it, he never tells its inhabitants anything except what they wish to hear. His readers read him and cry, 'That is exactly what we thought.' They show their gratitude to M. Maurois for handing back their own lies to them.

The principal idea of this book is defined as follows: 'When one observes the actions of men in this century of civil tempests, one experiences a sensation of agony and impotence . . . Why does our period see disorder and violence recapturing so much lost ground? It seems to me that one of the causes of the drama is the destruction by modern states of the elemental cells that go to make up their tissues.'

Later he says, 'We propose to study here some of the institutions that, ef-

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fectively or not, have preserved humanity from madness and anarchy for several thousand years.'

M. Maurois wants to restore to their full dignity the married couple, the family, the friendly associations of men, and certain economic forms. Nothing astonishing appears in M. Maurois's thought: he takes the ideas of Comte and Alain, to which he refers expressly, and deprives them of all their power, making them fashionable ghosts of what they once were, like those 'common-sense' truths that the discourses of politicians and the sermons of priests have carried in their wake for centuries. It is a world in which truths are tamed like the distinguished dogs that ladies take out walking. Auguste Comte's ideas become lap-dogs. M. Maurois wants to maintain the institution of marriage as an eternal value—marriage, which centuries of Christianity have helped to build, and private property. Since we are in a polite universe, M. Maurois naturally does not say a word about the connections between money and marriage or the family; his public does not like these allusions.

Marriage and the family have their inconveniences, everything in the world has its drawbacks, but they are irreplaceable as sources of social sentiment, regulation, and discipline. Woman is made for maternity, man for action and thought. Woman is a bee, man a drone. These truths are accompanied by remarks on love, boredom, and family life: M. Maurois does not forget that he has a reputation as a moralist to sustain, and he does his best, even with a certain brilliance. He has culture and a long intellectual apprenticeship, which naturally delude 'good' people, who do not cease to be illiterate merely because they attend lectures. M. Maurois's intelligence is remarkable for its properties: it remains on the surface, it never wants to seize and absorb reality, it is afraid and takes flight, it glides over the exterior of the world.

Then M. Maurois forces himself to think about economics and politics. We know where his tastes have carried him; we are familiar with the admiration he expressed for President Roosevelt in his *Chantiers américains*. But in this book we see his social preferences going still further. M. Maurois reveals to us the secret of one of the great figures in bourgeois thought. This secret is England in 1860. M. Maurois is a 'Victorian.' His Utopia is not in the future but in the past. He is a reactionary in the literal sense of the word. Since this feature is important in modern French politics, it is worth emphasizing. M. Maurois writes a history of capitalism:—

'The world of liberal economy, such as we observed in many parts of France toward the close of the nineteenth century, was moved by a rustic and solid mechanism. All over the planet, in innumerable enterprises, in banks, farms, shops, and factories, people pursued fortune. They did not pursue it according to any single plan, but as a result of all the expenditures, needs, follies, and regrets of millions of people balance was reëstablished at every instant. The patriarchal industrialist of this period considered it a crime to be in debt to a bank. In this devotion of a man to his enterprise there was something mystical, which gave it power and beauty. Faithfulness to one's calling and professional honor were then the commonest virtues in France.

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'The great employer in Lyon, Roubaix, or Normandy never thought of joining forces with his rivals to suppress competition, much less run to the state for help at a time of crisis. He regarded his competitors as his enemies, and, if he permitted himself to meet them socially, which he rarely did, he spoke with constraint and hostility in their presence. The only connection he had with the police and the government was in protecting his factory during a strike. In return, the state hardly occupied itself at all with economic problems. Parties were divided by ideas rather than by interests. Economic life was maintained by the reactions of individuals, and, since they were bound together by very simple instincts, everything went forward of its own accord.'

That is the world of which M. Maurois has never stopped dreaming. It is the 'patriarchal' world of the War, of competition, a world in which the providential state put its police at the disposition of the industrialists. But the big trusts came. 'Desire for profit defeated professional honor . . .' Little by little the state assumed the functions it usurped. But this state, which was created for other needs than these new exigencies, could not dominate the technical apparatus, which, in turn, dominated the economic system. M. Maurois well understands that it is difficult to return completely to the old ways: it is only through piety that he still exalts an age that has disappeared.

'Without the farmer who raises his pigs, his cows, and his chickens himself, who harvests his wheat, his corn, his oats, a country cannot live.' He knows perfectly well that the world must be based on 'vast factories.' He has a liking for the codes of Roosevelt, the corporations of Mussolini, and reform of the state. Liberalism is dead. It will soon have to become Fascism. M. Maurois is too polite to say that word; he is content with evoking the thing itself. And the kind of happiness he describes at the end is a tranquil little happiness, breathing modestly in a Fascism of the Loire Valley and the Ile de France. He does not even dare to praise the watchword of other Fascisms—'heroic.'

This timidity is a feature of French Fascism in so far as it finds expression. Spengler and Heidegger, the German philosophers of Fascism, had a kind of philosophic boldness. The French will be more modest, more hypocritical. In the written expressions of French Fascism there is a kind of purring, which is no less evident in Colonel de la Rocque's book than in the homilies of M. André Maurois. There are harmonies between the soldier and the 'thinker' that do not appear to be matters of chance: M. André Maurois, who delivered these lectures in the house of M. Henri de Kerillis, appears to be sending checks to M. de la Rocque's Croix de Feu. Such are the secrets of politeness.

POUR LA POÉSIE. *By Jean Cassou. Paris: Correa. 1935.*

(Gabriel Marcel in the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

M. CORREA is one of the few editors to-day who are trying to serve the cause of poetry. We cannot thank him too much. In our times the publication of a book like Jean Cassou's is a worthy and courageous act, which may, moreover, reap a larger reward than one might expect. For this book is not only remarkable; it presents

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some essential problems, and, whatever reservations one may be inclined to make with regard to the manner in which the author solves these problems, one must thank him for the clarity and frankness with which he states his convictions. Moreover, it may be that only aggressive, positive books such as this one are able to attract the attention of the impatient and wearied modern public.

In the first place, let me warn the reader against exclaiming, 'This is simply a collection of articles.' No, *In Behalf of Poetry* is much more than that. Jean Cassou has not only written a very important preface, he concludes the book with an article of unusual scope. Furthermore, even the shortest of these essays brings us in contact with one of the most vibrant and original temperaments in French literature to-day.

I have already mentioned the almost invincible opposition that I feel toward most of M. Cassou's novels, though I recognize that my objections are perhaps due to a personal deficiency that I cannot remedy. But I find in this book what I liked so much in the *Nuits de Musset*—a wonderfully sensitive and varied intelligence and an ability to respond to the most diverse poetic creations with a sympathy that is in its turn creative and that is an original modulation of poetic insight. 'This book is not a history of poetry, it is poetry in itself—that is to say, a positive effort to judge poetry on its own level.

M. Cassou is far from being an eclectic or an incoherent impressionist. 'The only valid art,' he says in connection with Apollinaire, 'is the most energetic art.' And, speaking about André Lhote, he says, 'We are lucky to be moved by forces that will cease to be dangerous the day when, by our care, they will no longer be blind. To escape the disaster that people call inevitable we need not return to the past—a folly that certain unfortunate essayists pursue. It will be sufficient for us to take bravely in hand the fates that are leading us.'

There is here, I feel, some confusion and some pathos. But a few pages further on M. Cassou reassures us and definitely denies that poetry follows a line of progress in the practical and material sense of the word. In his opinion, it is a question of 'broadening the very idea of poetry, human conscience having evolved only by a transformation.' We must consider 'not only the method and procedure of the arts but also their essence, their course, and their final end. The value of a particular art resides not only in the manner in which it fulfills itself at a particular time but also in the manner in which it transcends itself.' Unless it can do this, it adopts the detestable formula of 'art for art's sake.'

Here again I discern a rather dangerous ambiguity. If by transcendency the author means that art should never become static in a partial expression of itself, he is a thousand times right. But the context seems to indicate that he means to go still further. For does he not say a little later that the history of poetry since Baudelaire is first and foremost the history of a revenge and that 'it is but one step from the poetic act to the revolutionary act'? Of course, even this may be interpreted favorably. It is perfectly true that all poetry is directed 'against language in so far as it is an instrument of mechanization and a symbol of collective habits and petrification.'

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But, if one insists upon using the dangerous and equivocal word 'revolution,' one should note that the revolution in question is timeless and immaterial and that it does not refer to the destruction of a particular social order.

And yet M. Cassou adds, 'If poetry in revolt against the present does not speak of Utopia, if it is not the annunciation and the desire of the future, if it is not creation, if it is not justice, what miserable thing is poetry?' But here again, alas, confusion bursts forth. Let us take the two greatest French poets of our day, Paul Claudel and Paul Valéry. To what degree is their work 'Utopia, annunciation and desire of the future'? I should call this quibbling over a poetic message, and therefore I cannot protest against it too firmly.

M. Cassou makes the same mistakes that M. Maritain noted in André Gide. It is to be feared that the word 'eternity' gives a reactionary ring to the ears of writers recently affiliated with the Third International. Of course, one must recognize all the nobility and generosity that enabled these artists to engage themselves to a particular cause, to commit themselves, sometimes even to sacrifice certain privileges, the value of which they still recognize. It would be unfair to misjudge the drama that takes place, for instance, in the conscience of a man such as André Gide. But I must add that in my opinion intellectual confusion, in and of itself, is an evil that one should never cease denouncing. And it is unfortunately necessary to admit that some of the most supple minds of our day have been unbelievably fascinated by a simplified and violent ideology.

A man who raves benefits by M. Cassou's bias if his raving is genuine. Thus, the insane asylum becomes a kind of sanctuary, surrounded with Delphic or Cumean clouds of smoke. But these are not the clouds that rise from factory chimneys. One must choose. And I cannot help thinking that the prestige attached to certain fly-by-night compositions inspired by alcohol, dope, and Heaven knows what erotic stimuli is one of the vilest and most poisonous products of the same capitalist civilization the abuses of which these compositions denounce. Once more one must choose, and it seems to me that the time has come when we should recognize the solidarity that exists, on all planes, between Communism and a sad, virtuous rationalism. In my opinion, this solidarity is what makes Communism decent and respectable. But what then?

METEOR. *By Karel Čapek. Translated by M. and R. Weatherall. London: Allen and Unwin. 1935.*

CHAPAYEV. *By Dmitri Furmanov. London: Martin Lawrence. 1935.*

(William Plomer in the *Spectator*, London)

ON A hot, stormy day an unidentified airplane crashes, the pilot is burned to death, and the only passenger, gravely injured and unconscious, is removed to a hospital, where he lies swathed in bandages, his life ending, his past a mystery. An excellent starting-point for a novelist wishing to concern himself with the exploration of a character and the telling of a story. A commonplace writer might have chosen to reveal the man and the story by a following-up of ingeniously accidental clues, but Mr. Karel Čapek,

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being as we know a writer of much subtlety and originality, chooses intuition for his purpose. The doctors naturally form some opinions about their patient, but it is through a nurse, a clairvoyant, and a poet that he becomes known. The nurse dreams about him, and he speaks to her in her dream; the clairvoyant, by means of his proper faculty, perceives what is hidden; and the poet, the mythmaker, invents, not 'out of waywardness' but because he must.

Sometimes through the mouths of these three, sometimes in his own words, the author gradually lays bare the past of the dying man, who is called Kettelring. We learn that Kettelring has been a kind of prodigal son; that his destiny, like the destinies of many, was 'like a flight from a task that was beyond his strength'; and from the doctors, for example, that he has led 'a strange and restless existence, for his age his heart is terribly exhausted; he drinks from despair . . .' The elucidation of the mystery is from the first absorbing because we are involved not in the usual chronological succession of banal trivialities that makes up the ordinary realistic novel but in a poetic search after the true nature of an individual.

'If your sensation of a certain personality is acute enough and complete,' says the clairvoyant, 'you can with sufficient analytical and logical ability unravel it into an outspread picture of his life story. Out of the condensed form of his life you can deduce its individual events.'

And again: 'There is no chance, everything is determined, awesome and beautiful, all causality appears in the simultaneity of cause and effect.'

Life so viewed may acquire a unified, monumental aspect, but when, about halfway through the book, the clairvoyant says jeeringly, 'I'm sorry, but events are n't in my line; I look at life in its totality, and I can't provide you with chequered life stories,' there arises in the reader a definite need and appetite for a story. It is here (the moment is perfectly chosen) that the poet takes a hand and proceeds to reconstruct Kettelring's life, love, and work in the tropics, the West Indies, in fact, where heat, superstition, and capitalism play their powerful parts:—

'I should like to see which is fiercer, the green snake, to which the negroes bow, or the laws of economics, to which we bend the knee . . . There is the question whether that black chicken, scratching itself in the shadow of the sweet potatoes, will be sold at the market, or whether its head will be bitten off for the propitiation of the incensed and supreme snake.'

With what a light touch, with what agility, Mr. Čapek keeps us in touch with essentials! Imaginative in the best sense, compassionate, enjoying life's many flavors, humorous, a little melancholy, he stands all by himself. Perhaps his best book, *Meteor* will not make much appeal to a hearty or uneducated taste.

Meteor, with its finesse and its desperate, maladjusted hero, belongs to the world of Western civilization, but, as for the characters in *Chapayev*, 'What a set! Every face unique, worthy of an epic poem. No two fellows alike among the whole crowd, and yet they all dovetailed together perfectly, like a piece of masonry. Theirs was a rock-like unity. They formed one common family, and what a glorious family it was.'

We are in a rough, primitive world

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where action counts for more than analysis. The scene is Russia just after the War, and Chapayev is a leader of guerilla fighting against Kolchak and the Whites, one of those popular heroes who become legendary even in their lifetimes, a sort of Stenka Razin or Pugachev. A film about him has lately been shown in this country: it has its points, but the book is very much better. In both there is a feeling of freshness, vigor, idealistic revolutionary fervor, and a certain amount of naïveté. The author of the book was a personal friend and fellow fighter of Chapayev's and draws a vivid portrait of him. 'More of a hero than a fighter, more of a passionate seeker after adventure than a conscious revolutionary,' Chapayev was the son of a gypsy actor by the daughter of a governor of Kazan. He owed his popularity and success to the fact that 'he, more than anybody else, was the epitome of those he led—of the raw, heroic mass of guerilla fighters,' and that he 'embodied in himself all the irrepressible and spontaneous feelings of rage and protest that had accumulated in the hearts of the peasants.' Extremely brave, active, and temperamental, he was 'dazed by his own reputation,' was illiterate and even simple-minded, obstinate, credulous, with a violent temper that easily gave way to sweetness, passionately fond of singing, very proud of his moustache, and anything but a Marxist doctrinaire: 'He had never read the Communist programme, never thought of studying it, and was quite at sea on all serious political questions.'

In short, such a powerful and fascinating character that the book may be enjoyed for his sake alone. At the same time, it is an exciting adventure story and obviously has some value as an historical document.

THE INTELLIGENTSIA OF GREAT BRITAIN. *By Prince D. S. Mirski. London: Gollancz. 1935.*

(Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times*, London)

IT IS a little difficult to know precisely how to refer to the author of this book. He *was* a counter-revolutionary and is now a Communist. He *was* a prince: that fact and the past tense are emphasized in two places on the jacket. Well, then—Comrade Mirski has written a rather silly and a rather engaging study of one side of English life. But what it has of interest to tell the reader is more about Comrade Mirski than about anyone in England.

He has certainly protected himself against any charge of being himself a member of any intelligentsia—in the sense, that is to say, of the dictionary definition that he quotes: 'The part of a nation that aspires to independent thinking.' He has joined a sect in which independent thinking is not tolerated. He has swallowed whole alike the dogmas and the jargon of Communism. He distinguishes himself from most of the official propagandists of that doctrine only by displaying the peculiarly bitter fervor of the recent and belated convert.

The enthusiasm of his conversion produces results that to many readers will be as puzzling as they are ludicrous. He works himself up into speaking quite solemnly of 'bourgeois physics,' and 'bourgeois mathematics,' and even (a phrase to be relished) of 'capitalistic astronomy.'

It is possible to understand what he means here. He dislikes (though he

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cannot dislike it more than I) the 'principle of indeterminacy.' He does not dislike it, however, because it involves a disquieting approach to scientific research but because it has been used to show that the latest hypotheses leave a space for the possible existence of God. He condemns those who find a reason for supporting a dogma in which they would like to believe merely because in doing so they impugn a dogma in which he finds it necessary to believe. His position is the converse of that of the man who said that, if God did not exist, we should have to invent Him. If Comrade Mirski found that God did exist, he would have to destroy Him. It may be true that religion has been used as opium for the proletariat. That has nothing to do with the question whether God exists or not. Prince Mirski would have been the first to admit so obvious a proposition. Comrade Mirski, if he ever undergoes another conversion, might perhaps restore the impaired independence of his mind by a few simple exercises in the dissociation of ideas.

Less amusing than these naïvetés is his attitude toward those who were his friends and helpers in the days when he was a counter-revolutionary and a refugee. He was then glad enough to have his essays in literary criticism printed in a periodical that he now describes as 'petty middle class' and, rather oddly, as 'eminently suspicious of all foreigners.'

Yet here again his position is not altogether incomprehensible. Had no one in England befriended him, had he not held for ten years a salaried position in an English university, the process of his conversion to the faith he now holds might by so much have been expedited. Comrade Mirski dallied too long in Circe's island, while at home the Soviet Penelope was weaving her five-year web. It is small wonder that, safe in Penelope's arms, he should be inclined a little to disparage the attractions of Circe.

The thesis of the book is that the British intelligentsia has never really understood Marx or taken to the idea of the class war or the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat. It has sometimes paid lip service to one or more of these idols, but always at heart it has been, in the jargon, 'reformist.' Sometimes it is worse than that. Mr. Wells, for example, is a Fascist and a Fordist, besides being a petty bourgeois, who instinctively hates revolutions and all that comes out of them.

The point to be demonstrated is that the 'reformist' or Fascist British intelligentsia is muddle-headed, self-satisfied, and cowardly. Thus the author discredits what he regards as one of the obstacles to the revolution in Great Britain. Thus also he exalts the cause of the revolution, since that must be good which is opposed by people like these.

The necessity of keeping to his brief has made his essay less readable than it might have been. His judgments are often amusing and have enough truth in them to make them bite—as when he contrasts 'the complacent exquisiteness of Keynes' with 'the complacent unfastidiousness of Wells,' or when he says, with reference to Mr. Aldous Huxley, that 'the æsthetes have a more popular literature, which throws a sort of pipe-line across the gulf between them and the average reading public, and down this pipe flow their corpse poisons.'

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He does at times betray an imperfect knowledge of facts. Rupert Brooke was not killed in Gallipoli. The 'Georgian poets' really did not in 1911 revive 'the somewhat dusty slogan of art for art's sake.' I do not know on what authority he says that Mr. Belloc's election to Parliament from Salford in 1906 (not 1905) was 'the very victory that set going the dizzy run of Liberal successes that led to the extraordinary defeat of the Tory Party.' His description of John Davidson as a 'kind of provincial Scottish Rimbaud' strikes me as mere pretentiousness. He evidently does not know enough about Davidson to make this or any other judgment of him.

These things put aside (and his errors in points of fact are not very important), he shows by glimpses that he watched shrewdly while he was among us. It seems a pity that he did not record his observations before the General Strike inspired him with 'a loathing for the propertied classes.'

HEIMKEHR IN DIE MANNSCHAFT. *By Walter Julius Bloem. Berlin: Paul-Neff-Verlag. 1935.*

(Andreas Weinberger in the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich)

WE SEIZE upon a new book from the towering pile devoted to struggle and change—Walter Julius Bloem's *Return to Manhood*. We seize upon it with very special eagerness because it does not call itself a report, a tale, or a story, but a novel. It therefore must have scope and significance since it presents a world picture of a great development.

Bloem names his novel after the unforgettable year that elapsed between November, 1932, and November, 1933. He has set himself a particularly difficult task because he has chosen as his hero not a believer but a skeptic, a waverer. That at once reveals the character of the book. There is something reflective about it, something acute as well as profound, both in the formation of the other characters and in the representation of the whole flow of time. The author lays his story in a circle of men who surround the actress Hedda Tamm, a woman who does not act for the moment but for all time, a sophisticated comédienne, already beginning to grow old, who has no feeling or understanding for popular change because she lacks contact with the people. Bloem makes her and her friends with their outworn gestures come to life before our eyes.

There is the man of tradition and property, Wenzel Wengelein, who does not want to do anything except remain an actor, which he does by playing his trump card of a party-membership book at the right moment. Then there is Egid Weyerer, the offspring of peasants, an artist, remote from politics, who is thus able to hold the friendship of the empty actress longer than any of them; and finally there is Renatus Berwanger, former officer and mercenary soldier, impelled by inner necessity to fight, though he later grows weary of it and turns into a speculative 'theoretician' of the German revival. At last, however, the overpowering fact of a German victory won by deeds enables him to break away from the sterile figures of days gone by who surround Hedda Tamm and to join the Leader's inner circle. Of course, he is shocked immediately after the battle has been fought through to victory,

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but at the end Bloem shows him prepared to help and even improve on the great plan. And there is an upstanding old fellow who disowns his son for becoming a Storm Trooper and who imagines that he will be the founder of the first local group as soon as power has changed hands.

In short, we have all those figures of yesterday whose sterility could be destroyed only by one man doing the right thing, by such a figure as Storm-Troop Leader Xaver Hiltensberger, the son of the upstanding old fellow. In him we see what manhood really looks like, that fighting essence that is part of a stream sweeping onward and carrying everything before it by transforming contemplative people into men of action. We see him turning a girl from the *demi-monde* into a real German woman; in short, he is the complete man of the movement, and we feel of him that he cannot brood and reflect as all the others do, even including the latecomer, Renatus.

Bloem has an extraordinary gift for construction, and he is not only able to present the great break that the times have brought to the aspect of Munich and of its people but he also provides descriptions of mountain climbing, airplane flights, and races for the 'Grand Prize.' Underneath his firm language we detect a quiet, skeptical sense of justice, but only as something subordinate to the twilit humanity he has depicted. Bloem's novel is undoubtedly a rarity that cannot fail to produce a good effect because it assaults the purely negative and represents the great positive experience of the present day.

Socialist Advocates Monarchy

It is as good to have a constitutional monarchy as to have a Hitler or a Mussolini—or much better; better than to have a President of the French Republic; better than having a Roosevelt, who is a political boss and is intended to be a political boss, who has more power than his ministers because they are personally appointed by him; and better than Stalin.

I believe that for a social democracy a constitutional monarchy in the developmental stages is obviously the right thing to have, if you start with it. I do not say you would construct it if you had not got it. If you have it, it would be absolute folly to do away with it.

—Sir Stafford Cripps, Left-wing Socialist Leader and Member of Parliament

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The War of Words

Bassett Jones, author of *Debt and Production* and an occasional contributor to The Living Age, has been kind enough to send us these reflections of his on words as the cause of much of our present confusion. He suggested entitling these observations, *Idola Fori*—idols of the market-place:—

As J. A. Symonds wrote, 'we must be careful not to be carried away by words of our own making.' Here, too, one recalls Francis Bacon's *Idola Fori*—words, the idols of the market-place. Thus do common habits of thinking become fixed as doctrine, and we prostrate ourselves in worship before the fetishes of authority and scholasticism. One follows another in repeating the mumbo-jumbo of Druidic word magic, handed down from the past under the name of 'truth.' One of Norman Douglas's characters says that once a man ceases to reflect he becomes an idealist—not in the sense of a technical philosophy, but because his mind has lost contact with realities. 'What a man thinks is, to him, truer than what exists.' So he 'becomes willing, nay, positively anxious, to make concessions to the improbable.' He searches experience, not to find what actually is there, but only for whatever, by some whim of interpretation, seems to conform with his notions.

Such a one abuses the art and practice of thinking. For, in a practical sense, thinking is but the means enabling us to adapt our actions to a changing environment. By building a model of the environment in terms of related concepts and by placing ourselves within this conceptual world, we see ourselves in action. The test of the legitimacy of such action lies in its transformation into terms of doing. Thus we find reality.

Whatever we think of as being is real only in so far as it also proves to be but a reflection in a mental mirror held up to nature. All else is an illusion, a play of the imagination, the puppets of our minds going through a fantastic dance for our amusement. But, if we attempt to repeat this fantasy on the stage of life, well may it prove to be a tragedy.

As a relief from the crass realities of existence, indeed as a necessary practice of our imagination, we turn to the stage where thinking is free. But woe will be to us if we seek to transform our environment into such a stage. Possibly this is just what we have sought to do, thus taking our new-found mental freedom to be a license to alter our environment, not only social, but also physical, to suit. We come to actually call ourselves creators and teach ourselves to think of nature as but some sort of enlargement of ourselves. Our concept of what is real becomes quite as anthropomorphic as the hazy notions of the untutored savage mind. Like the savage, we come to take our beliefs to be knowledge.

So, when what Kant called the Herculean Pillars, set up by nature to mark the limits of experience, are passed, we are lost on the boundless ocean of fantasy. We fall apart into groups, each knitted together by a common collection of irrational notions expressed in indefinable words. We take such common habits of speech to be the truth. Each such group falls to arguing with another as to whether one such set of *idola fori* is better than another. When words fail us, we foolishly, and quite as the savage does, fall to arguing with weapons. The only possible answer we can conceive is that those who use one set of meaningless words shall be forever silenced. Their voices shall cease to add to the confused din. It never occurs to us that probably neither the words

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such others use nor those we use ourselves have any meaning in terms of actualities. The human race seems lost in a fog of word symbols.

It is amazing to hear so much discussion—political, economic, social, yea, even scientific—phrased in words the meaning of which neither party to the discussion understands. Possibly language has become an enemy, not a friend.

Is it a farce, or is it a tragedy, that self-called civilized beings fall to killing each other merely because, as Mark Twain put it, they either take different words to mean the same thing or take the same word to mean different things; when, at the same time, whatever meanings their words carry are past their understandings?

Japan's Newest Literature

JAPANESE literature manages to change almost as rapidly as Japanese life while preserving many of the same contradictions. Just as the religious reverence of the people for their Emperor is now made to serve the commercial interests of the House of Mitsui, so the old literary conventions serve modern purposes. Each November, for instance, the Emperor announces the subject of an annual literary contest for the best verse of exactly thirty-one syllables written in the classical *waka* form. This year he said that the theme was to be a crane by a pond because his newly born son is supposed to possess the longevity attributed to the crane. By the end of January, when the contest closed, no less than 40,000 verses had been submitted, and in the meanwhile the crane had become the standard popular figure of commercial art. All the shops sold little miniatures or carvings of cranes by ponds. Restaurants advertised crane soup, and beauty parlors developed 'crane bobs,' whatever they may be. Finally, the winning poem was read before the imperial family at a religious ceremony and simultaneously published throughout the land.

While all the institutions of the country are thrown behind the promotion of traditional literature, more modern forms are also making headway. Only a few years ago 'Red literature' was all the rage, but, now that the authorities have cracked down on 'dangerous ideas,' an entirely new genre has come into being. It is known as 'neutral' or even 'decadent' writing and generally consists of a purely realistic story of present conditions. Foreign influences, which played so large a part in the recent radical literature, appear in the form of many foreign words. For instance, the Japanese word for 'hope' is replaced by the English word, but, since Japan uses ideograms, the sound of the English word can be conveyed only by the ideogram for the native word '*hopu*.' The Japanese words for 'love' and 'wife' are also avoided, as the younger generation uses their English equivalents in its daily speech.

Professor Leopold Winkler, who has taught in the University of Tokyo for many years and written many dispatches to the *Neue Freie Presse* in his native Vienna, gives this description of a typical modern Japanese story entitled 'Wild Geese':—

'A young and very handsome university student keeps seeing a beautiful young woman at the window of a building as he walks home to his lodgings. They exchange barely noticeable greetings with their eyes. She is the bought concubine of a rich old man, who keeps her in this little house and visits her here before he goes back to his own family. Her appearance is sad and lonely. One day, as the student passes, he sees that a snake has entered her bird cage and has already killed one of the birds. He leaps to her aid, helps the bewildered creature kill the reptile; they exchange a few words. By all European standards the story should really begin at this point. But instead it comes to an end. While walking with a friend in Ueno Park, the student tells what happened, and then some wild geese fly over the big lake.

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With youthful enthusiasm the two boys throw stones at them, and the lover hits one. It falls dying into the great lotus blossoms of the lake. "Perhaps you have also brought death to that young woman," says the friend to the student, and sadness falls upon them both. The story ends with the statement that the beautiful woman disappeared from the house and the neighborhood and vaguely indicates that she probably went to her death.'

Professor Winkler then makes this comment: 'This sketch, as light and bodiless as a silhouette on a paper window, contains the typical Japanese moment of emotion, the decorative, æsthetic accessories, and it also shows human beings as completely impersonal schemes in the cosmos and in the eternal flow of life. It can therefore be regarded as a return to the most genuine traditions.'

Mei Lan-fang in Moscow

MEI LAN-FANG, the Chinese actor, who visited New York a few seasons ago, has brought his company to Moscow, and it is safe to say that, when he returns to his native land, he will take with him the enthusiastic admiration of every theatre-going Muscovite. This is all the more remarkable since Mei Lan-fang belongs to the classical Chinese theatre, which deals exclusively with mediæval themes—gallant knights and noble ladies—and has no connection with the Red army, the Chinese soviets, or the class struggle. How, then, are we to account for the unanimous approbation of the critics—from Sergei Tretiakov, the writer, to that supreme judge of orthodoxy, Karl Radek? Tretiakov's answer is simple; it takes the form of a beautiful description of Mei Lan-fang's performance. Karl Radek's reply is much shorter, but it expresses an idea worth quoting:—

'This spectacle, which is so foreign not only to us but to the laboring masses of China, recalls the greatness of the Chinese people in its struggle. This actor's supreme artistry reveals the genius and diligence of China. And, when this genius and diligence begin to work for the freedom of the Chinese people, China will awake from her lethargy and create a new, glorious art, which will not imitate European forms but will use the ancient heritage of traditional Chinese art.'

Who is Mei Lan-fang? Born in a family of actors, he was sent at an early age to a dramatic school of poetic name—the Hall of Nebular Harmony. There he specialized in good-women rôles, in accordance with the tradition of his family, for both his father and his grandfather had played women's parts, which meant, of course, that they took no other rôles, specialization being a basic tenet in the Chinese classical theatre. Later Mei Lan-fang was to introduce an interesting innovation in his interpretation of women's rôles, for he was the first to create a composite female character, a good woman who was also a seductress. At the same time he merged the purely lyrical with the dramatic,—the singing and the dialogue,—functions that were generally assigned to two different actors.

Fundamentally, however, Mei Lan-fang represents a theatre over a thousand years old, which has retained its popularity to this day in spite of the numerous realistic theatres built on the European model. The classical Chinese theatre, which grew up in the courts and palaces, emerged into the cities during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, so that, by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it had acquired a broad popular appeal, and there is perhaps no country in the world, with the exception of the Soviet Union, where the theatre is so much a part of the life of the people.

There are, of course, several categories within the classical Chinese theatre, but the importance of the musical accompaniment characterizes them all. In the course of the performance dancing and acrobatic stunts are also introduced, along with lyrics, songs, and so forth. The language

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of the songs is the ancient speech; the dialogue is spoken in modern Chinese.

The plays use a definite set of characters—the hero, the heroine, the villain, the clown, and various minor characters, each of which is the specialty of a particular actor, who appears in the costume and make-up that are the earmarks of his rôle. The minute a character appears on the stage, the audience knows what to expect. It would be difficult to build a mystery play on this basis.

The musical accompaniment, written in the five-tone scale, is not readily assimilated by the Occidental listener, who is also somewhat irritated by the fact that the actors all sing in a high falsetto. There is no director, but the leading actor organizes the performance. Though the classical theatre uses no scenery, the gorgeous, multicolored costumes of the actors supply the color.

Mei Lan-fang's performance in Moscow. Imagine a hall in which long tables, loaded with pale tea and tangerines, are set in rows that run from front to rear, so that the audience sits sidewise to the stage, glancing at the action only occasionally. For a Chinese performance lasts all day, and no one would think of watching the whole thing through. When something important is about to happen, a loud gong warns the spectators, who put down their cups to see what they can see.

A knight walks across the stage, waving a white whip. Both the whip and the actor's walks are theatrical conventions: they mean that the knight is riding a white horse. The knight gives the whip to his servant, and his walk changes immediately: this means that the knight has dismounted. The knight has four flags tied to his back: he is leading four regiments. Attendants swiftly carry flags with wave-like decorations over this martial scene: a storm is passing over the hero's head. A flag with a picture of a wheel is carried next to the marching knight: he is riding in a carriage. Without any interruption a farce follows the war play. Clowns laugh, crack jokes, turn somersaults. And, throughout the performance, men in plain kimonos with no make-up walk across the stage, placing a pillow where the hero is to kneel, so that he will not soil his gorgeous costume, bringing him a cup of tea after a particularly long aria, placing a mirror before him, so that he may adjust his make-up, right in front of the audience. These are called 'stage servants,' and they are not supposed to be noticed.

In spite of Mei Lan-fang's theatrical innovations, this 'new theatre in old forms,' as it is called, remains essentially of the past and comes to life to-day only because a genius of Mei Lan-fang's calibre revived it. The Soviet critics have spoken at great length of their love for China's national culture, but their words bespeak their admiration for the æsthetic achievement of an individual artist.

Sign Language in the Theatre

ONE of the most interesting theatrical experiments is the Moscow theatre for the deaf and dumb. Thus far, the actors are all amateurs—that is, they exercise various professions during the day, and in the evenings they organize these entertainments for the benefit of people who are in the same predicament as they. Nor do they choose simple plays; performances on the deaf-and-dumb stage are as elaborate as any. Gorki, Ostrovski, and Glebov have been acted in this theatre, which was instituted in 1920 and which remains (so far as we know) the only one of its kind in the world. The group is now working on Pogodin's *My Friend* in preparation for the Fourth All-Union Congress of the Deaf and Dumb scheduled to take place in the near future.

There is one thing, however, that makes this theatre unique—the audience talks loudly during the performance, that is, those that are able to talk. For the deaf and dumb do not mind; the actors go ahead with the play amid a fantastic din.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

POWER AND ABUNDANCE are themes that have often been elaborated upon in these pages. Quite naturally so, for those two words, taken separately or together, symbolize the gifts of science to society. Power: the basic fact of modern technology, expressing itself in man's increasing capacity to produce whatever men stand in need of for the business of life or the pleasures of living. Abundance: the Gargantuan accumulation of things so produced, whose one social justification is to be consumed—whose actual fate, in our persisting 'economy of scarcity,' is to be withheld, sabotaged, obstructed, and criminally destroyed by man, against his own clear knowledge of their usefulness, in violation of his deepest, most elemental convictions as to the true meaning of 'wealth.'

Startling confirmation of these by now hackneyed truisms will be found in the small, compact volume entitled *The Chart of Plenty*, by Harold Loeb and Associates (New York, Viking Press, $2.50). The author is director of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, an organization set up in February, 1934, by the Civil Works Administration to ascertain primarily and on the basis of hard fact (1) the ratio of actual production in the United States to capacity production; (2) the manpower required in each case; (3) the operating characteristics of the various industries, with special reference to 'bottlenecks' existing between production and consumption; and (4) the amount of 'purchasing power'—in terms of dollars at any given price-level—required to command capacity production in existing plants.

To these extraordinarily complex problems upwards of 60 experts, technicians, and engineers—including such men as Walter Polakov, Felix Frazer, Graham Montgomery, and Pomeroy C. Merrill—gave their undivided attention in the months that followed. The results to date, scheduled for publication through the New York Housing Authority, will run to a score or more of volumes, the contents of which, if widely known and properly interpreted, could bring this country closer to a revolution than all the works of Marx and Lenin put together.

LET US SET down a few of the facts, chosen (more or less at random) from the survey's preliminary report, *The Chart of Plenty*. Remember that the collaborators in this work were interested in one question: what the inhabitants of the United States could have, first of goods and then of services, if limited only by the physical resources and productive capacities of the country:—

Food: In the so-called 'peak year' of 1929 the 'liberal diet' requirements established by the Department of Agriculture were quite needlessly deficient by the following amounts of specified foods (figures in pounds): whole milk, 77,677,428,000; all fresh fruits, 20,831,000,000; certain vegetables, 6,909,612,000; eggs, over 13,000,000,000; lamb and mutton, more than 60,000,000; poultry, nearly 700,000,000. Against this we have to-day an unused capacity (two-shift basis) of 97 per cent in slaughter houses and 74 per cent in flour mills.

Textiles: 'Textile mills, now operating largely on single shift, when a multiple-shift basis is not only practicable but very often used, are capable of more than doubling the 1929 allowance of clothes.'

Steel: 'In 1929 we had sufficient steel to permit building 6.7 times as many homes, 1.23 times as many automobiles, 1.98 times as much machinery, and still carry out a construction programme in other industries as great as in 1929. By 1934 the steel capacity had been increased by about 5 million tons.'

Productive labor: 'It has been roughly

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estimated (Brookings Institution) that the man-hours unused during the past five years would have been sufficient to replace the entire industrial equipment of the United States with modern equipment.' In 1932 the monetary value of production was at the rate of $8,885 (1929 dollars) per worker—but average annual wages were about one-fifth, or less, of that. Over 16,000,000 families in 1929 had incomes of less than $2,000.

Unquestionably the rich material uncovered by the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, whatever its statistical inadequacies and possibilities of error, will deserve the closest study by all economists who respect science—and by all scientists and technologists who recognize that economics is an increasingly important part of their job.

ABOUT THIRTY YEARS ago Thorstein Veblen, one of America's greatest and most original economic thinkers, wrote a volume that has become a classic in its field. The main thesis of this book—*The Theory of Business Enterprise*—is to the effect that virtually every activity of modern society, public or private, economic or political, cultural, technical or scientific, is entangled in a complex network of financial and commercial sanctions whose one and unwavering objective is—plunder.

Although Veblen's phraseology is seldom as explicit as that, Veblen's idea—developed in a dozen shrewd volumes—is certainly borne out in the explosive, if confusedly written, pages of *Partners in Plunder, the Cost of Business Dictatorship*, by J. B. Matthews and R. E. Shallcross (New York, Covici Friede, $2.50).

The authors—who have had the exceptional advantages of access to the rich files of Consumers' Research—conceal few facts and mince no words. 'The most serious and menacing manifestations of Fascism,' they write, 'are to be found in the intensification of the normal and accepted practices of conventional business and in the sanctification of those practices by charlatans and more sober officials in government service.' How does this 'intensification of the normal' work out in those sectors of the market (and it is characteristic of what James Truslow Adams has called 'our business civilization' that everything is market) that are openly dependent upon the promptings of science and technology?

Turn first to the chapter genially headed 'A Brisk Trade in Poisons.' Here we learn that 'business as usual' is primarily responsible for such facts as these: cancer of the lungs is definitely on the increase, very largely because of the entirely preventible (but financially costly) exhaust fumes from motor-cars. It is common practice to 'preserve' spoiled hamburger by adulteration with the dangerous chemical, sodium sulphite; many deaths are suspected from this cause—but the owners of the spoiled and adulterated meats are not published. The highly poisonous gas, methyl chloride, by its leakage from seemingly new and intact electric refrigerators, kills many people—and without warning. Arsenic spraying of fresh fruits, without necessary safeguards against hasty or premature consumption, has led to numerous fatal results. The substitution of fluorine and mercury for lead arsenate has not improved matters. The sale of 'reducing' medicines—including the extremely toxic 'dinitrophenol' compounds—has become a drug salesman's racket, with disastrous effects upon the gullible throughout the country. The effects of radium compounds, whether used in industry (watch dials, etc.) or pharmacy (mouth washes, face powders, bath mixtures, etc.) are equally serious. 'That the vending of such dangerous or fraudulent preparations, with the misinformation accompanying their advertising,' stated Dr. Leonard B. Loeb, of the University of California, 'should be permitted in such an enlightened country as the United States of America is almost unbelievable.'

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'SCIENCE LENDS a Hand' is the title of another chapter in the Matthews and Shallcross manual of commercial humbuggery. Nowadays, comment our authors sardonically, instead of fleeing the wrath to come on the say-so of theologians and revivalists, Americans are engaged in a fearsome and never-ending struggle with mundane horrors, to which—at the behest of super-salesmen—our 'scientists' give lugubrious names: 'bromidosis,' 'gingivitis,' 'pyorrhea,' 'psoriasis,' 'athlete's foot,' and so on. For all of these sinister ills (against which not even your best friends will warn you) science has exactly the cure—at so much the dose. Not only that, but in everything from cigarettes and face creams to soft drinks, breakfast foods, and 'ultra-violet lamps,' the 'cure' is attended by an astonishing increase in one's capacity to go out and sin—not less but more. Naturally, for, in order to 'sin' with any real efficiency, it is imperative to consume generous quantities of this, that, and the other: thus science, under orders from business, has changed the direction of the 'primrose path,' which now leads straight to Heaven, according to a nicely graduated scale of prices per mile. True, it is seldom the actual consumer who reaches this destination: in fact, the whole trip may be summed up in Matthew Josephson's description, 'The Consumer Consumed.'

'SOLDIERS HAVE rarely won wars. They more often mop up after epidemics . . . The epidemics get the blame for defeat, the generals the credit for victory.' So declares Dr. Hans Zinsser, one of America's most brilliant bacteriologists, in *Rats, Lice and History* (Little, Brown and Company, $2.75), a fascinating book, which begins with an erratic and none-too-successful examination of the literary bacilli (from Tennyson to Gertrude Stein), and ends as a scholarly 'autobiography of typhus fever.' To the layman reading this book it must seem that man is, as usual, considerably behind nature in his destructive ingenuity, particularly in regard to a subject that has acquired of late a macabre popularity—bacteriological warfare. Dr. Zinsser, whose field experience of infectious diseases was obtained during the Great War, pays sardonic tribute to the murderous efficiency of the virus, bacterium, and bacillus in that heroic struggle to make the world safe for democracy and epidemics. A few of the instances that he gives (with a wealth of scientific and historic detail) would be apropos at this time, when sabres are ominously rattling in all the War Offices of the world:—

In Serbia, within a year after the declaration of war (spring of 1915), the typhus epidemic, aided by Austrian prisoners of war, wandering troops, and inadequate medical aid, claimed 2,500 victims per day in the military hospitals alone. In six months more than 150,000, including over half the 60,000 Austrian prisoners, had died of typhus. Russia, in the first year of the war, registered only about 100,000 cases of typhus; from 1917 to 1921, according to the conservative figures of Tarassevitch, at least 25,000,000 cases of typhus alone occurred, resulting in upwards of 2,500,000 deaths.

Only the most rigid control through the 'sanitary cordon' prevented worse disasters on the western front. In the Crimean War, that masterpiece of horror, cholera, typhus, dysentery, and 'lesser' epidemics, 48,000 men were incapacitated by disease in four months—12,000 per month. Of the French detachments, 310,000 strong, 150,000 came down with disease.

Napoleon's ill-fated Russian campaign commenced with an army of close to half a million men. By the time of the retreat from Moscow, typhus, dysentery, and other epidemics had done their full share in reducing this force to something like 80,000 men. In 1792 the French Revolution was endangered by the attack of 42,000 allied Prussian and Austrian troops under Frederick William II. 'Dysentery,

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the Red, decided in favor of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, and with only 30,000 effectives remaining, the Prussians retreated across the Rhine.' Typhus and scurvy killed 18,000 soldiers in the Thirty Years' War; epidemics destroyed 30,000 at the siege of Metz and some 200,000 of the 300,000 that set out on the First Crusade.

DR. ZINSSER, who is a very widely read scientist, undoubtedly knows his William Blake. In the latter's extraordinary fragment, *Island in the Moon* (written about 1787), occurs a gruesome poem, sung by the Cynic to Suction, the Epicurean. From the following stanzas the reader—and Dr. Zinsser—may judge how appropriate the whole poem would be for reprinting in a later edition of *Rats, Lice and History:*—

When old corruption first begun
  Adorn'd in yellow vest,
He committed on flesh a whoredom—
  O, what a wicked beast!

From thence a callow babe did spring,
  And old corruption smil'd,
To think his race should never end,
  For now he had a child.

And as he ran to seek his mother
  He met with a dead woman,
He fell in love and married her,
  A deed which is not common.

She soon grew pregnant and brought forth
  Scurvy and spott'd fever.
The father grinn'd and skipt about,
  And said, 'I'm made forever!'

'For now I have procur'd these imps
  I'll try experiments.'
With that he tied poor scurvy down
  And stopt up all its vents.

He took up fever by the neck
  And cut out all its spots,
And thro' the holes which he had made
  He first discovered guts.

THE LAND PROBLEM in Mexico has been receiving considerable attention lately. Writing from Mexico City the special correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* discusses material presented in a symposium on 'The Agricultural Problem of Mexico,' to which a number of Mexican technicians contributed. Quoting from a careful study made by Dr. A. Lozcano, the correspondent, according to the notice in *Science*, states that 'the 35,929,500 acres of arable land cannot be cultivated until the population has reached at least 30,000,000 inhabitants'—that is, about double its present population. This is one of the arguments in favor of lowering the immigration bars. The Mexican Government, through the National Irrigation Commission, is considering a plan for the founding of ten new cities on as many national irrigation systems throughout the country, each project to cost about 500,000 pesos. These cities would be modeled after the agricultural city of Anahuac, which was built last year on Irrigation System No. 4 and which now has a population of about 5,000. The work under way, if and when completed, would add 728,945 acres of land to Mexico's cultivated area; each new city would be provided with all the technical equipment (water and power systems, posts and telegraphs, etc.) necessary to carry on, as well as an adequate network of roads and highways. Those wishing to settle on this new land will be given their choice of short- or long-term contracts, ranging from 25 to 45 years.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Tribute to Holmes

FITTINGLY and properly enough, the *Manchester Guardian*, as the foremost organ of liberalism in the English-speaking world, paid this tribute in its editorial columns to the greatest American since Abraham Lincoln:—

Lord Morley once described the late Mr. Justice Holmes as 'the greatest judge of the English-speaking world,' and it is hard to think of another, let alone a better, claimant to the title. His thirty years of service on the Supreme Court of the United States have molded the course of American history. When he joined the Court in 1902, it was known as the avid and adamant defender of the rights of property against the people—an antithesis usually disguised as the rights of the individual against the government. It was the rock on which one progressive measure after another was wrecked. Sheltering behind a strict and literal interpretation of the written Constitution, it barred from its ears or eyes any recognition of changes in the social structure in the hundred-odd years since the Constitution came into being.

Justice Holmes brought into the Court the fresh and lively breeze of liberal thought. He held that the Constitution must be read in the light of the needs and circumstances of the day; he warned the Court, in a famous dissenting judgment, against imagining that the Constitution was intended to 'enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics."' At first, he was repeatedly in a minority of one. But his dissents were so soundly reasoned, so clearly and forcibly expressed that they moved the country if they failed to move the Court. Then—thanks to President Wilson—'Holmes dissenting' became 'Holmes and Brandeis dissenting,' and then a minority of four against five, and lastly a bare majority for causes that would have been deemed hopeless if they had come before the Court in the first decade of Mr. Holmes's service. It is perhaps since his retirement, three years ago, that his work has borne most fruit. His influence was subtle, patient, unimpassioned; he began his life work at the age of sixty, and at no time did he take any part in politics. But one cannot leave his name out of any list of the great democrats of this era.

Arkansas through British Eyes

NAOMI MITCHISON, British novelist and supporter of the Labor Party, has been visiting Arkansas together with several of her fellow countrywomen. She writes as follows in the *Daily Herald* of London concerning what she saw there:—

It needed a Civil War in the United States of America to stop slavery in the cotton-fields of the south. But something worse than slavery is happening now to millions of men and women in these same cotton-fields of the Southern States.

In the old days the slave was at least decently fed; he was looked after when he was sick, he had a sound roof over his head. He was treated as a fairly valuable animal.

I have seen for myself what happens to the successors of the slaves—the men, black and white, who do the work that the slaves used to do—the sharecroppers, the so-called tenant farmers, who cultivate the big plantations.

They are being starved to death, and not so slowly, either. Their main food is cornbread (made from maize), bone gravy, and the kind of molasses ordinarily

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made into cattle cake. This kind of food inevitably produces malnutrition diseases.

There is no milk for babies. One mother I talked to was still suckling a two-year-old child so that he could get at least a little nourishment. This woman's husband was dead; she had been evicted and now lived in a hovel on the easily flooded river bank—no man's land. It was made of rusty pieces of tin, pieced together with rags and bits of board. I asked how much it had cost her, but she said she did n't have any money; she had exchanged her dead husband's gun for it.

The system has no room for women who cannot do a man's day working in the fields; she made her living somehow by hauling driftwood from the river, chopping it, and selling it for fuel.

Her two boys helped her. No, they were not at achool. Very few sharecroppers' children ever get to school: what is the use of going barefoot, in rags, and with no food in their stomachs? Anyhow, most of the schools have come to an end—who cares what happens to the children of the 'white trash'?

They are poorer than we can imagine over here. When I told them of our 'dole,' they just stood astonished that poor people should be so well treated anywhere. In the best time—during the world boom (not that most of the workers anywhere noticed it while it was on!)—the sharecroppers had little enough. They called themselves tenant farmers, but what they did was to agree with a big plantation landlord (or his bailiff) to cultivate and pick so many acres of cotton. In return they were given a house of a kind—no nonsense about it being weatherproof or free from vermin, but no garden. Cotton land was too valuable to spare any for the sharecroppers.

Almost all large plantations had—and have—what is called a commissary system. Loans from the landlord take the form of little slips of paper, good only at the plantation truck shop, where prices are, of course, higher and the choice more limited than in the free market. In the cotton townlets, these debt checks circulate as a kind of debased currency.

In this way it was impossible to save, impossible to buy decent furniture or clothes. The two- or three-room houses would be built of unplastered boards or logs, the best of them papered with yellowing newspapers. Some might have floor boards, others not. The water supply would usually be surface water, tapped by laborious pumping. In summer the houses would be full of dust, flies, malaria-bearing mosquitoes; in winter they might be flooded.

Yet there was no security even for such 'homes' as these. If a man failed to make a crop,—to agree to the planter's terms for his labor,—out he went. In the cotton areas there was no alternative employment.

If things were like this in 'the good times,' how about the bad? Under the New Deal, the acreage under cotton has been reduced, so as to keep up the price of the cotton that all the world needs for sheets and towels and summer frocks. A mad world! But at least President Roosevelt and his advisers meant that this artificial raising of the cotton prices should benefit all, including the sharecroppers. Actually, the whole profit has gone to the plantation owners; a government programme can always be wangled by those on the spot.

On the small plantations, the owners of which live on the land and often work themselves, things are not nearly so bad; there is a human relationship between owner and tenant. But on the big plantations, whose absentee landlords, living in the big, gay towns of the South, never so much as see their tenants, conditions are vile. The owners' policy is one of deliberate and clever oppression; they are determined to break the spirit of their workers and keep them bound to the land without hope of escape.

Last year a few of these sharecroppers, almost in despair, began to talk things

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over, and they came to the conclusion that they must come together for mutual protection and help. Fifteen of them organized themselves into the nucleus of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, which now has thousands of members and is growing every day, in spite of all kinds of persecution.

For the first time in the United States, perhaps in the whole world, Negroes and white people are standing together in complete mutual trust and loyalty and friendship. The terrible color bar, which has stood for murder and torture and the shaming of millions of honest human beings, has at last been broken. The color bar was a result of chattel slavery. It has taken economic slavery to break it down. It does not exist among the sharecroppers, white and colored, of Arkansas, whose interests and whose conditions of living are exactly the same. It was perhaps this that really stirred up the worst anger of the cotton planters. The 'poor whites' and the grandchildren of the slaves were banding together—they could no longer be played off against one another.

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union had to be smashed! Every weapon, legal or illegal, is at this moment being used against it. A vile campaign of calumny goes on, against the union and against any supposed 'red agitators' who are helping to organize it.

Jennie Lee, and I, and another woman member of the Labor Party were turned out of Marked Tree, a little cotton town in Arkansas, where a meeting of sharecroppers was to be held. But the meeting streamed out beyond the town boundaries, a thousand strong. We promised them that the world should know what was happening to them. It would hear of a baby born in a one-room hut at the edge of the floods; one room with two beds for a family of eight, a table, a couple of benches, and some cornmeal, and a mother, skeleton-thin and yellow with malaria. It would hear of another one-room house where a family of five had lived fairly decently, curtaining it off into partitions, until the owners had suddenly decided that this house was too big for such white trash and had made them give up half of it as a corn store.

A year ago these people were, most of them, merely oppressed and dumb. Now they are dumb no longer; they see where to look. They are beginning to see beyond their own misery; they are looking to us. And we can turn the bright light of truth on Arkansas.

Detroit through Socialist Eyes

ELLEN WILKINSON, former Labor member of Parliament who has been visiting Detroit and other automobile centres of the United States, describes her impressions of this area as follows in the Independent Labor Party's *New Leader:*—

Here, in this area, is monopoly capitalism gone mad—or forced to its logical conclusion, whichever you like. Having cut out all rivals, except the producers of specialized luxury cars, the three firms are engaged in a fierce competition among themselves. Result: the whole year's output has to be concentrated in seven or eight weeks' work.

The American Motor Show at New York is in January. Each of the firms has its spies watching for a hint of any new gadget its rival is going to bring out. They dare not start till the last second. Three years ago a small non-combine firm swept the market with the 'Blue Streak'—the beginning of streamlining. That is the sort of nightmare that keeps executives awake for fear it may happen again.

In spite of the immense plant, this scramble method leads to a lot of work being put out to 'small masters,' who specialize on supplying particular parts. They are solely dependent on the big firms, who can therefore dictate their prices. The only way to make a profit at these prices is by insensate speeding-up

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the minute the word 'go' comes through on the telephone.

They dare not put their idle men on to making for stock because their part may be completely changed at the last minute, and they would have to stand the loss. So a quarter of a million men stand idle for months, living on the scraps of dole that is all these overburdened towns can afford, for they dare not tax the works for any adequate contribution toward the cost.

Then one day the executives feel they can wait no longer. Telegrams are sent out. The word is given, and the wheels begin to revolve. As they get into their stride, the pace becomes faster and faster. These great firms with their immense equipment work to no longsighted plan. A foreman of one of the largest told me that they had not room to store even two hours' production. They work to the show orders and get the cars away as fast as they come off the production line. I saw something of what this speed-up means.

I was taken to see the men who work in heavy rubber boots, rubbing down the bodies of the cars to get the smooth surface necessary for the highly finished coach-work. Gangs of sixteen men had to turn out 30 per hour. The American cars are huge. Every bit had to be rubbed by hand. The order came through for another 1,000 bodies a day. The order, divided among the groups, meant such an increase in speed that the men dropped their heads on the tables and slept exhausted during their lunch hour. They propped themselves exhausted against the walls when the whistle blew before they could recover sufficient strength to go home.

Bone and muscle had reached their limits. The men told the management they could n't do it. They stopped work. They stopped the night shift. But the pressure of the army of unemployed outside was too strong. In police cars the strikebreakers were rushed through the gates. Production had to be slowed down, but the strikers were blacklisted.

The combines do everything they can to prevent the men organizing. They try to get as nearly a fresh staff as they can for each year's eight-week period of work. They send agents as far as Texas and Arizona to attract men with promises. These may bring their families with them, only to be left on the scrapheap when the feverish rush is over. The Michigan towns will pay relief only to men who have been in the town twelve months. Public outcry and the danger from these desperate cheated men have made the companies in the same breath deny that they have ever done this and at the same time promise they will employ local labor in future.

Frank Dillon and those who are trying to get a federal (more or less industrial) union within the A. F. of L. are having a stiff fight with the old shell-back type of unionist who believes that a union should be a 'job trust' if not actually a 'job racket.'

The situation has become intolerable. Something will break, and break soon, in Michigan. In the year ending October, 1934, over 94 million dollars in sheer profits were taken out of the automobile industry while the wages were cut and cut again. Even the hand-picked investigators from the Government have had to report that the speeding-up has reached a point where men can stand no more. Sabotage has begun in the works. Production was held up in the biggest of all motor factories because sand had been put in the bearings. If these men revolt as a mob, the results will be terrible. The need is for leadership . . . and the companies' thugs stand ready to smash the head of any that rises.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

statesmen of Moscow. Turkey has long been considered Soviet Russia's best friend abroad.

THE record of the French mandate in Syria stands out in painful contrast to the accomplishments of Kamal Ataturk in near-by Turkey. A German visitor with the bias that might be expected of him paints a dark picture of the attempts of the French to divide and rule the Arabs of Syria.

A FRENCH correspondent in Berlin, who knew the city well in the days of the Weimar Republic, writes a witty account of the Puritanical changes that Hitler has wrought. He quotes a German friend as saying that Hitler's power is now indestructible since he has the support of the bishops, the Jews, and the janitors.

A MOSCOW newspaper man tried to do for the Russian capital what M. Arnoux does for the German capital, but instead of visiting the night clubs he tracked down forty-two different want-ads and thus got behind the scenes of everyday Soviet life. He reports an overwhelming vote of confidence in the Communist régime.

THE name of C. Day Lewis is mentioned so frequently in the same breath with the names of W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender that these three young British poets exist more as a group than as individuals. They all share to some extent a radical literary philosophy, which Mr. Lewis expounds to the radio listeners of Great Britain.

THE name of General Minami, commander of the Japanese forces in Manchukuo and Japanese Ambassador to the court of Kang Teh, is likely to become more widely known. A recent issue of *Fortune* maliciously contrasted his heavy bull-dog features with the ascetic face of a Chinese general to illustrate the contrast between the two nations. The Chinese press jumped with delight on the pictures and reproduced them both.

SERGEI TRETIAKOV, who introduces us to Ushakov, the 'Soviet Columbus,' is already known to readers of THE LIVING AGE. He will be known to a larger American audience by the time this issue of the magazine appears, for he is coming to New York to attend a congress of revolutionary writers.

POLAND'S Minister of Agriculture, Poniatowski, leads a more charmed life than our Mr. Wallace, but then Poland has never had to produce scarcity and dust-storms by artificial acreage restrictions. Polish agriculture suffers from a real scarcity, and Poniatowski has won wide popularity by trying to raise, instead of lower, the efficiency of the farmer.

ANTHONY EDEN fell sick after our sketch of him had gone to the printer, but his political career is by no means at an end. Still under forty, he served in the War, married a banker's daughter, and belongs to a fine old family. It is perhaps significant that this blue-blooded aristocrat has shown far more sympathy for Soviet Russia than has his chief, Sir John Simon, the son of a non-conformist clergyman.

WE ARE continuing this month a feature that we began in our April issue of filling the blank spaces at the ends of some of our articles with short clippings from the foreign press. Any items that our readers feel like sending in will be more than welcome.

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